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LITERARY MAGNET.

APRIL, 1826.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE EXCURSION AND THE LYRICAL BALLADS.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

L

Thine is a strain to read among the hills,

The old and full of voices; by the source

Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills

The solitude with sound; for in its course

Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part

Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

II.

Or its pure spirit fitly may be taken

To the calm breast, in some sweet Garden's bowers,

Where summer winds each tree's low tones awaken,

And bud and bell with changes mark the hours;

There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day

Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

111.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hushed the woods with all their birds,
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, linked with household words;
While in pleased murmurs Woman's lip might move,
And the raised eye of Childhood shine with Love.

IV

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling, as of Spring, around,
From its own glow of Hope, and courage high,
And steadfast Faith's victorious constancy.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers this exquisite address to the Poet Wordsworth, with which we have been kindly favoured by its distinguished author. Those who are acquainted with Mr. W.'s writings, will readily feel and appreciate the truth and beauty of the tribute. Ep. Lit. Mag.

v.

True Bard and Holy!—Thou art even as one
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie!
Thou mov'st through nature's realm, and touched by thee,
Clear healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer free.

THE INFANT AND WATCH.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

L

What's Time to thee, my merry Boy,
That thus thou feign'st to mark his measure;
Thine infant hours are hours of joy,
And who would note the lapse of pleasure!
What recks it where he points his finger,
Morn, noon, or night's the same to thee;
With thee, dear babe, he scarce may linger,
Then give that golden toy to me!

TT

As yet, thou canst not know its worth,
And idler-like, perchance may'st lose it;
Or, in some freak of boisterous mirth,
Some mischief-working mood misuse it!
What!—would'st thou ope Time's inmost shrine,
And gaze upon each secret spring!
Go to! Thou might'st not then divine
What stays his course, or speeds his wing!

TIT.

But let a few short years depart,—
Of hope and fear, of joy and woe,—
And he will then, unasked, impart
Far more than 'twill be bliss to know!
The hidden springs that stir mankind,
That wring the heart, and rack the frame,—
The 'Fury Passions' of the mind,
Thou dost not even know by name!

IV.

Long may'st thou be unwise as now,—
For who would learn the way to weep!—
Long sparkle thus that sunny brow,—
Those eyes their playful vigils keep!
Nay, struggle not, my merry Boy,
Time hath not aught to do with thee!
'Twere vain to count thy hours of joy;
Then yield that glittering toy to me!

MANCHESTER, MARCH 16, 1826.

Si quid datur ot? Alludo chartis: hoc est mediocribus illis Ex vitiis unum.

THERE is, perhaps, no period of life attended with so many interesting circumstances as that of leaving school; none, certainly, that is looked forward to with more impatient anxiety. We are then, indeed, about to take upon ourselves our share of the cares and anxieties of the world; we are then about to bid adieu to the scenes of our childish pastimes; perhaps to take a last farewell of some dear companion, whose future occupations will separate him from us for ever; and yet, freedom from the restraints of school, and the pleasure of being, in some respects, our own masters-the natural elasticity of the youthful mind, which care and sorrow cannot long depress; and novelty, the great charm of all mankind, the influence of which is at this age peculiarly strong; -combine to dispel the clouds of sadness, and to call forth the sunshine of mirth and happiness.

At this period, we have just closed one volume of the Book of Mankind, and though Memory may drop a tear of regret as it recalls departed moments of unalloyed delight, young Hope soon veils the past in shadow, spreads before us a smiling future, and, with magic power, imbues with the glowing tints of joy the anticipations of coming years. If such be not the case with mankind in general, it certainly was with me. I had received the elementary part of my education in a secluded country town. I was to finish it at Oxford. With what feelings of delight then did I find myself within a few miles of that far-famed University! I had been employed during the whole journey in one long day-dream, and though I was perfectly sure that a very few hours would unfold the reality of the objects of my musings, my restless imagination conjured up a thousand fantastic ideas, which, in many instances, afterwards proved to be most erroneous, mere airy nothings, having 'neither a local habitation nor a name.' We drew near to the end of our journey,

> Tandem Tritonida arcem Ingeniis opibusque et festà pace virentem.

Oxford is situated in a valley in the midst of the richest meadow-lands, and nearly surrounded by hills, partly wooded and partly cultivated, to the distance of about two miles. The silvery streams of Isis and Cherwell pursue their winding way through this classic soil, and vegetation seems to flourish without the walls of Alma Mater as much as learning does within. coach rolled over the top of Headington-hill, a multitude of spires, pinnacles, and towers, arose upon my view in poetical confusion, and set off by the full-grown trees interspersed throughout the scene, raised my expectations to a very exalted pitch. They were however more than equalled on our approaching the High-street, which some of our tourists, have, I think dencminated the finest street in the world; if there is a finer one, it must, indeed, be magnificent. The tower of Magdalen College, 'plain in its neatness,' just beyond the elegant bridge to which it gives name, affords a remarkably strong illustration of the argument that the beauties of graceful proportion far surpass any thing which the most splendid ornaments could produce without it. From this point the street rises gently towards its farther extremity, and, forming a gradual curve, presents, as you advance, a successive and unexpected

display of its component parts. The stately lateral fronts of Queen's College between which stands the statue of Caroline, the Queen of George the First, surmounted by a handsome cupola,—the broad structure of the University, with its twin portals,—the magnificent pile of All-Souls', whose light towers bring to our recollection the representations of Oriental architecture,-the twisted pillars of the porch of St. Mary's, with its strong and lofty steeple,the top of the Ratcliffe library, a little withdrawn from the street,-the graceful spire of All Saints,'-and the little old-fashioned houses, aping, as it were, the gravity and antiquity of their superiors, who seem to take them under their protection, and look down upon them with a patronising air,combine to form a scene, for the description of which, however the pencil of the artist may succeed, the powers of the pen are wholly inadequate.

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The coach stopped at the Mitre; and with as little delay as possible I proceeded to my college. 'And what sort of rooms shall I have?' was the first question that occurred to my mind. My ideas of every thing connected with the University were superlatively grand; it is not, therefore, surprising, that I should have pictured to myself a suite of three lofty, spacious, well-proportioned apartments,—a bed-room, large and healthy, and fitted up in the most commodious style, and a cheerful study, with every convenience for reading; my sitting-room would, I supposed, be an elegant apartment, tastefully furnished; a room, in fact, good enough for a prince of the blood. By the time I had concluded my anticipations of the splendour and convenience of my new habitation, I had arrived at the porter's-lodge of my college, whence I desired to be conducted to my place of residence. Two pair of steep, narrow, and winding stairs certainly annoyed me not a little; but 'what did it matter?' the contrast will exhibit my rooms to still greater advantage, thought I to myself. The man unlocked a door-it was an anxious moment-my heart beat high with expectation-he turned the handle, and ushered me into a small, shabby, ill-furnished apartment, about twelve feet by fourteen. I stood aghast! I was somewhat indignant. I fancied that I had misunderstood him. 'This must be my scout's pantry; -show me the rest.' 'This, sir,' he replied, evidently amused at my extreme freshness, ' is your sitting-room, and there is nothing more belonging to this set excepting your bed-room,' As he spoke, he opened a small door and led me into a closet, nay, a hole little better than a cupboard, which had barely space for a small bed, a table, and a chest of drawers.

Imagine the feelings of the pilgrim when attacked by an enormous serpent,—of Buonaparte when he found himself a prisoner in Elba,—of his keeper when he discovered that his imperial prisoner had escaped,—of the reader of newspapers when he finds the Herald amusing, or the Morning Chronicle without abuse of the Lord Chancellor, -of a traveller on hearing a cool demand of his money or his life; -imagine the sensations consequent upon any surprising or unexpected occurrence, and you may have some idea of the astonishment with which I received this intelligence. could have almost cried for very disappointment. After all my lofty expectations,-after my hopes and anticipations had been concentrated in this one point for so long a time, for them thus to end in nothing,—the blank certainty was perfectly excruciating.

Amphora cœpit Institui currente rotâ cur urceus exit?

When I was alone, and had somewhat recovered from my chagrin, I proceeded to examine the wretched place which I was to inhabit for three years. rs

he

It was a garret. Its form beggars all description. Corners and projecting points, beams and cross-beams, a slanting roof, a sinking floor, and a small window in one corner, like a man with half of his head benighted, may be considered its chief characteristics; not to mention the shrunken door immediately opposite the little fire-place, admitting through its crevices such a blast as cooled you as much behind, as the dim blaze warmed and enlivened you before. My furniture might rival that described by Dean Swift; indeed, my attics seemed to have been singled out as the sick-ward for all the halt, maimed, or otherwise enfeebled furniture of the college. The aged chair that had lost a leg was receiving friendly support from its younger neighbour with a fractured arm; another that was minus both its hind understandings had dashed its head against the wall in a state of desperation; and the miseries of a chair without a bottom were no less worthy of commiseration than those of one of its brethren with a broken back; the table and the chest-of-drawers were in pretty tolerable condition, excepting that the one was ricketty, and the drawers of the other were all locked, and the key lost;—the tottering reading-desk had declared war against books, yet it must be allowed that it was not in a very good condition for carrying on a campaign; the window-curtain might be useful for any thing except keeping out the wind and light; the easy-chair had cast one of its castors; the deserted book-shelves looked doleful and dusty; the carpet had been nearly all swept away, save where a solitary nail grasped here and there a small fragment; and the widowed hearth-rug had wept woollen tears for the loss of its mate. As for the smaller articles, the poker was in a deep decline; the tongs were afflicted with a stiff joint; the leaky kettle had lost its vocal powers; the unfortunate bellows were broken-winded; and the tea equipage had driven its last stage.

It was, of course, necessary to entirely new furnish my rooms, and put them in complete repair; and, I must confess that, however terrible my disappointment was at first, I have contrived to make myself very comfortable and happy in them, and have persuaded myself that, though small, they are large enough for one person; that they might have been worse; and that I escape many annoyances, to which I must have been exposed in larger ones.

> Mundæque parvo sub lare Cænæ, sine aulæis et ostro Solicitam explicuere frontem.

Hor.

R. H.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

I.

How bright is the tear in thy beautiful eye,
When its sparkle divine is to sympathy given;
And how hallowed the music that thrills in thy sigh,
When pleading the cause of misfortune with heaven!

11.

Then cease not to pity, sweet girl, for thine eye,

Thy soul-telling eye, and thy bosom appear,

This, more lovely when heaving a tremulous sigh,

And that, brighter when beaming its glance through a tear!

THE FIACRE.

A SKETCH.

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You would imagine that a Fiacre dragged on but a miserable existence. No such thing I promise you! He emulates the great and the rich, and reckons the peer and the Elégant among his every day associates.

At day-break he rises and crawls out of his stable door to see what sort of a morning it is. 'The deuce take it,' says he, yawning, 'it is delightful weather!'—or else 'Thank God, we shall have a pelting day!' Are not these the lofty and patriotic sentiments of a rich speculator on perusing the public journals? Peace is proclaimed—alas! his countenance falls, and disappointment rankles in his breast. A rupture is talked of—war is declared—and see! his eyes sparkle with selfish joy; for in the impending disasters of his country, he beholds only visions of personal profit and aggrandisement.

With imprecations, the Fiacre drives up his horses; with taunts and curses he harnesses them to the carriage; and then, with furious and loud cracks of his whip, impels them to the stand. Thus, too frequently, does man 'dressed in a little brief authority,' exert it but to gall and fret those who are subject to his influence; thus when crosses and disappointments have maddened him, he vents his rage upon the luckless wretches whom

fate has compelled to truckle to his iron yoke.

naireagaig has mained. Configure and projecting

A person is perceived at a distance, who seems to be looking for a coach. Six of them gallop up to him at full speed. He chooses the best, but he takes it by the hour, and now the Fiacre drawls from street to street at a snail's pace. So men are swift and and supple as the greyhound in their endeavours to obtain an appointment, and slow and supine as the tortoise when securely installed in office

The gentleman who has hired the Fiacre calls to pay a visit to a friend. On his return he finds the horses unbridled, and the driver in the alchouse; the picture of a government office when its principal is not expected for

the day.

The Fiacre now rolls on; a waggon heavily laden, passing too near to him, he is threatened with destruction. His dexterity, however, aided by the unmerciful use of the whip, extricates him at length from his peril, and, at the same instant, he himself overturns a light cabriolet, about the fate of which he gives himself no sort of concern. Is it not thus that the sordid and brutal worldling, ever ready to denounce and vituperate, when his own rights are in the smallest degree infringed upon, thrusts in his turn, the weaker to the wall, without thought or feeling?

Nobody in the world enjoys more freedom in the selection of his

associates in life, or at least for the day, than the Fiacre.

At nine in the morning, for instance, he can choose, in Paris, between a lovely female memorialist, animated with the pure and laudable desire of freeing her lover from the conscription, or of obtaining an appointment for her husband; a curious foreigner rising betimes to make a day's tour to the Lions of Paris; a candidate for a vacant seat in the Academy, who has one hundred and thirty visits to pay, and to talk of the books which he has—not written, but which he intends to write; and a Jew-broker, who coaches it about to exchange money for paper.

At noon, there is another series of fares; the old theatrical amateurs proceed to the rehearsals; a couple of young Exquisites repair to Bagatelle to bluster about an affair of honour that will end in smoke; or a quartetto of gourmands make a party to La Rappee to feast on fresh-water fish and kidneys stewed in Champagne.

At three, the ladies repair to the gardens of the Thuilleries to see the sun rise, and thence drive to the Palais-Royal to collect the scandal of the

day from the mantuamakers.

At five o'clock the dinners commence. Lucky the Fiacre that chances to be in the Fauxburg St. Germain at that hour! he is sure of a fare to the

Chaussée d' Antoine.

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At seven, the theatres present their multifarious attractions, and the Fiacre chooses both his route and his company. An Elégant, beau comme le jour, dressed in a Spanish mantle, with an opera hat under his arm, and his hair evidently but just released from the papillotes that have held it in durance vile the whole of the day, drops, as from the clouds, into the middle of the street. The canaille gape and stare and wonder what duke it is, for they did not see him emerge from the neighbouring court, where he occupies a miserable chamber, au cinquiéme. He calls a coach with an air—Jarvie is engaged—he knows his customer; a hollow, heartless villain; and what is far worse in his eyes, a man without a single sous.—No, no, a Chevalier d' Industrie is no companion for a Fiacre—let him trudge it a-foot if he will go to the opera, and sponge upon the inexperienced and the vain.

The Fiacre waits not long for a fare; a rosy cheeked soubrette beckons him to a door, and in a few minutes he rolls away the Académie Royal de

Musique with talent and beauty in his charge.

At eleven the plays are over. Then the soirées commence, and dancing is kept up till one, while roulette and rouge-et-noir engage the votaries of the fickle Goddess till morning; when the Fiacre is called to carry home the

ill-gotten booty.

It is evident, therefore, that nothing important can occur in the metropolis of a powerful kingdom, in which the Fiacre does not take a conspicuous part;—add to this that, now-a-days the Fiacres rival in splendor the
equipages of the wealthiest of the nobility, dash into the court-yards in the
same style, and almost drive into the saloons;—while the masters of these
equipages and the Fiacres seem occasionally to revive ancient intimacies.

S.

INSCRIPTION IN A CHURCH-YARD.

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

THERE rest the village dead,—and there, too, I,
When yonder dial points the hour, must lie.
Look 'round;—the distant prospect is displayed,
Like life's fair landscape, marked with light and shade.
Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget thy long and last abode.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I.

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Fare nature smiled in all her bowers,
But man, the master-work of God,
Unconscious of his latent powers,
The tangled forest trod:
Without a hope, without an aim,
Beyond the sloth's, the tiger's life,
His only pleasure sleep or strife,—
And war his only fame.

II.

Furious alike and causeless beamed
His lasting hate, his transient love;
And even the mother's fondness seemed
The instinct of the dove.
The mental world was wrapped in night;
Though some, the diamonds of the mine,
Burst through the shrouding gloom, to shine
With self-emitted light!

IH.

But see the glorious dawn unfold
The brighter day that lurks behind!
The march of armies may be told,
But not the March of Mind.
Instruction! Child of Heaven and Earth,
As heat expands the vernal flower,
So Wisdom, Goodness, Freedom, Power,
From Thee derive their birth!

IV.

Prom Thee, all mortal bliss we draw;
From Thee, religion's blessed fruit:
From Thee, the good of social law,
And man redeemed from brute:
From Thee, all ties to virtue dear,
The father's, brother's, husband's name;
From Thee, the sweet and holy fame
That never cost a tear.

V.

Oh! breathe thy soul along the gale,
That Britons still in generous strife,
Knowledge and freedom may inhale,—
The mingled breath of life!
So shall they share what they possess,
And shew to distant worlds thy charms;
Wisdom and peace their only arms,
Their only aim to bless!

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A SPOILED CHILD.

The tooth-ache is a plague—and a stupid neighbour who comes to spend long afternoons with one, is a plague;—and so is a 'managing' wife,—and a 'highly accomplished' sister; and a friend with too 'fine feelings';—but without doubt the plague of a yet greater magnitude, is, a Spoiled Child! To have, however, this plague of plagues in perfection, a person must neither belong to, nor have any control over, the little Miss or Master; as then, there would at least be this consolatory reflection—'I did the mischief—I spoiled the child?' No; the unhappy wight must be governess, or nurse, or eldest sister; or hold some official situation, by virtue of which, she is required to manage, without being allowed to master. Then there is no putting tears into type; or sighs into letterpress; or the daily and hourly sorrows of one who thus lives with spoiled children, into words!

Yet I do dearly love children of all descriptions, whether spoiled or unspoiled; trowsered, or petticoated—in a poem, a picture, and a cradle! So long as they remain in these, their silent spheres, no one can speak with more sincere delight than myself, of 'infantine simplicity'—'engaging prattle'—'dawning intelligence'—'the morn of life'—'the spring time of existence'—etc.; but I am fain to confess, that too often when the buds of beauty come forth living realities—no longer the child-hood of poetic fancy, but the childhood of cries, questions, and sugar-candy,—my ardour abates, my admiration degenerates, and on the first opening I am prone to tear myself away from the sweet little cherubs! There are exceptions to this, as to every other rule, but as a general assertion, I like children as I do wind instruments, a good way off! In both cases,

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the sound!

I am not going to trouble the reader with any details of the various afflictions I have suffered through the agency of spoiled children, which have induced this otherwise unpardonable want of complacency towards the whole species. My present office is merely to transcribe the auto-biography of an unfortunate urchin as noted down by himself; and one melancholy moral at least, may be extracted from the record,—one, that over fond parents, and too kind friends would do well to consider; namely, that if a spoiled child is a plague to others, he is a misery to himself! 'The child is father to the man;'—character, habits, dispositions, and tastes, may be formed in maturer life by commerce with the world, but they are founded in the nursery and the first stages of education. It is time however, my infant hero spoke for himself.

M. J. J.

'I am very unhappy, and yet to-day I am eight years old, and I have a pony, and a dog, and a watch, and a hunting whip of my own, and I have no brothers and sisters to plague me, and I have no need to try to please any body but myself, and yet I am not happy, and I never have been—never. I do not know the reason why, but I shall write down all the disagreeable things that ever happened to me; and perhaps some one else may find out the reason for me.

The first disagreeable thing I remember, is, that when I was a very very little child, people shewed me pretty things they did not intend me to

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have; my mamma allowed me to rummage the contents of her desk and work-box, and to have the ornaments from the chimney-piece, and I thought other people should do so too, but they did not, and they always seemed glad when I was sent out of the room. When I cried in the nursery, or in the kitchen, the servants gave me sugared bread-and-butter; and when I cried again, because it made me sick, they slapped me for being cross. I was very sorry when I had finished cutting my teeth, for all the while they were coming I never did any thing wrong; I do remember squeezing the canary-bird to death, and kicking and scratching every body I came near, and knocking down every thing I could reach, and crying from morning till night,—but my mamma said it was 'all owing to my teeth;' a great many people though said that a good deal was owing to my temper. By-and-by I grew tired of being a baby; quite tired of sugared bread-andbutter, my rattles, and my soft ball, and nurse's ring of keys, and every thing in the nursery; and I was very glad when I began to go into the dining-room after dinner, and into the drawing-room when there was company. It did not matter how naughty I had been all day, the ladies there always called me pretty and good; my neck was very white, and my hair hung down in curls, and my eyes felt very bright, and I was always very nicely dressed-I suppose it was looking pretty made me good-nobody ever called me good at any other time. Those ladies were very fond of me, they laughed at every word I said, not one of them ever scolded me when I was rude, every one tried to praise me more than another; and when I was very noisy and rude indeed, the gentlemen said I had a noble spirit. After a time I grew older; then my neck got tanned with the sun, my hair gave over curling, I began to cast my teeth, and look very pale and thin, and not at all pretty. The doctor said it was because I had eaten too many sweet things; my mamma could not say it was 'owing to my teeth' now, so she laid the fault on my nurse's carelessness. I was put into proper boy's clothes, and for a little while I was glad, but I soon wished for my nankeen frock, and curling hair, and white neck again; for when I went into the drawing-room the ladies did not take so much notice of me as they used to do; no one called me pretty and good any more. I talked and jumped about more than ever, but instead of laughing at me, and saying I had 'a noble spirit,' I heard the ladies and gentlemen whisper to each other that I was a spoiled child. After this time I grew still more unhappy, I did not like the drawing room because no one took any notice of me, and I hated the nursery, because nurse was always bidding me be good, and because I had nothing to do. Everybody talked to me about being good, and nobody taught me how to be so. I did try one day to be good because they told me I should be happy; I did not cry to make my mamma's head-ache; nor tease my papa with questions at dinner; nor ravel nurse's cotton balls; nor get into any mischief; so having nothing to do, got sadly tired of being good before night, and I made up my mind to be naughty again the next morning. But I did not get any happier. I had every thing I cried for, and I was always crying for something; but the things never pleased me when I had them; because nobody seemed glad when I was glad, or sorry when I was vexed, I felt in myself that nobody loved me. My cousin Charles came to stop with me a month; he was no older than I was, but he could read and do many things that I could not; he was always happy though he had not half so many playthings, and he had many brothers and sisters, and he had not every thing he wanted. He did not stay a month with me, for every body loved him so much that I cried to have him sent away; and I do not think he was sorry to go. Now by and-by my papa and mamma talked to a great many people about me, and read over a great many books, and said it was time to break me of my tempers and make me a good boy. So my mamma bought a rod and a box of letters, and my papa forbade the servants to let me have my own way any more. But though I have learnt my letters, and been whipt very often, and am contradicted from morning till night, I have not grown good, and I am not happy, and I begin not to love even my papa and mamma. I wish I was a grown up man, and a king, that I might do what I pleased with all the world—I would cut off every body's head who made children naughty, and then punished them for not being good!'

STANZAS

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING PERUSED 'THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.'

On! think not that a Parent's joy,
Like other joys, can fade;
Though in the grave thy first-born boy,
So dearly-prized, is laid;
The next will surely claim thy love
As strongly as the last,
Though boding fears thy heart may move
When dwelling on the past.

Say, will it not be joy to thee,
Beyond what thou hast known,
To see thine infant climb thy knee,
And hear its lisping tone
Address thee by a Father's name?
To feel its fond embrace,
Enclasp thy worn, though youthful frame,
With bright, uplifted face?

Read, with a Parent's anxious eye,
Each embryo passion there;
The generous aim, the purpose high,
The soul to nobly dare.
For Nature early shadows forth
The character of man;
The bias strong to vice or worth,
A watchful eye may scan.

And though that bias may be turned
To future good or ill,
The living light, that brightly burned
At first,—will burn there still.
Yes, for the all-creating voice,
Which brought from darkness light,
Inspires the taste, directs the choice,
And guides the mental sight:

Bestowing, on the gifted few,
The life-subduing boon
Of genius, opening to the view
At morn, to fade at noon.
But who his Maker's justice dares
Presumptuously arraign?
The greater mind has greater cares;
Power is not given in vain.

And when before the judgment-seat
Of God, we trembling stand,
And 'see as we are seen,' the great
No favour will command.
The question will no longer be,
What 'talents' we possessed,
But how they were employed, and he
With one may be most blessed.

I will not for your future heir
Mere earthly good desire;
Nor wish it like its mother fair,
Nor gifted like its sire;
But, each resembling, may it learn
To use the talent given,
As light by which it may discern
The path that leads to Heaven.

J. F. T

THE FORSAKEN.

Fare thee well—we part in peace;
For I shall lay my aching breast
In that repose where sorrows cease,
And where the weary rest.
There, no cold heart shall mock the pain
Of the believing and betrayed;
No cruel eye view with disdain
The wronged and ruined maid.

Thou found'st me in the bloom of spring,
Gay as the morning song of May;
Thou leav'st me a forsaken thing,
To sigh my hours away.
But secretly my woes I'll weep;—
Concealed—thy joys they shall not check;
And if thy heart its silence keep,
In silence mine shall break.

Love, wealth, ambition, still to thee
Their varied pleasures will impart;
And what through life remains for me
To hush my aching heart?
Till from the joys I cannot share,
From scenes whose every voice of mirth,
But mocks the bosom of despair—
Hide me, my mother Earth.

DR. PARR ON THE IDENTITY OF JUNIUS.

We have been favoured with copies of several extracts from the correspondence of the late Dr. Parr; from which it would seem that he either had, or fancied he had, very strong grounds for ascribing the authorship of the letters of Junius to Charles Lloyd, private secretary to George Grenville, and his deputy Teller of the Exchequer. Lloyd was known, says the doctor, to have been the author of the letters signed Atticus and Lucius, and that the same person wrote Junius appears to have been pretty generally admitted. The editor of Woodfall's edition, in reviewing the claims of the various individuals to whom these powerful, but malignant libels have been ascribed, founds his refutation of Mr. Lloyd's pretensions upon the fact, that Junius wrote a note to Woodfall on the 19th of January, and Lloyd died on the 22d, supposing it to be impossible for a man to write a few lines, which required no mental exertion, so short a time before his decease. Were the claims of the party in question stronger than they really appear to be, such an objection would be entitled to little or no consideration. The eighteenth letter of Junius disclaims, it will be remembered, all knowledge of Mr. Grenville. Now as Lloyd was intimately connected with Mr. G. it consequently follows that, if he can be supposed to be Junius, he must have been guilty of gratuitous and useless falsehood. Junius has not shewn himself so remarkably scrupulous in his adherence to truth as to warrant a rejection of the hypothesis upon this circumstance alone. On the contrary, in his eighth letter to Woodfall, alluding to the one previously published, he says, 'I wish it could be recalled. Suppose you were to say, we have some reason for suspecting that the last letter of Junius in this paper was not written by the real Junius, though this observation escaped us at the time.' In his letter dated 16th October, 1771, signed Anti-Fox, we find: I know nothing of Junius, but I see that he has designedly spared Lord Holland and his family.' Dr. Parr mentioned to General Cockburne, in 1820, the names of several eminent men of the present day, who coincided with him upon the subject; and also stated his and their conviction that the late king was aware that Lloyd was Junius. In a letter to the general in the course of the same year the doctor observes:

'In regard to Junius, I broke the seal of secrecy two months ago, and having no restraints of delicacy about it, I communicated the opinion unreservedly to Mr. Denman. The impression produced by a well written pamphlet, and an elaborate critique on it in the Edinburgh Review, still direct the national faith towards Sir Philip Francis. He was too proud to tell a lie, and he disclaimed the work. He was too vain to refuse celebrity which he was conscious of deserving. He was too intrepid to shrink when danger had nearly passed by. He was too irascible to keep the secret, by the publication of which he at this time of day could injure no party with which he is connected, nor any individual for whom he cared. Beside, dear sir, we have many books of his writings upon many subjects, and all of them stamped with the same character of mind. Their general Lexis, as we say in Greek, has no resemblance to the Lexis of Junius; and the resemblance in particulars can have far less weight than the resemblance of which there is no vestige. Francis uniformly writes English. There is Gallicism in Junius. Francis is furious, but not malevolent. Francis is never cool, and Junius is seldom ardent. Do not suppose that I have forgotten the fact, upon which you very properly lay great stress. I have little or no hesitation in supposing that, under all the circumstances of the case, and from motives of personal regard to George Grenville himself, his friend and his secretary would venture upon falsehood; and Woodfall, knowing the importance of such disavowal, would record, although he disbelieved, it. Woodfall stated a fact, and left his readers to their own conclusion; and it was the wish, if not the duty, of Woodfall to keep us in the dark. I retain my old faith; and in the true spirit of orthodoxy, I retain it the more firmly, in consequence of what I think unsuccessful attacks. You are at liberty to couple my name with the name of Mr. Walsh, as fixing upon Mr. Lloyd for the writer.

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In another letter he says:

'I smiled at the scepticism of our sagacious friend, Lord Hutchinson, as to Lloyd. We must all grant that a strong case has been made out for Francis; but I could set up very stout objections to those claims. It was not in his nature to keep a secret. He would have told it from vanity, or from his courage, or from his patriotism.

'His bitterness, his vivacity, his acuteness, are stamped in characters very peculiar upon many publications that bear his name; and very faint indeed is their resemblance to the spirit, and, in an extended sense of the

word, to the style of Junius.

Burke is altogether out of the question; when he writes coolly, as in his book upon the sublime and beautiful, and in his imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, the style is very dissimilar. But in his political publications, there is what logicians call a specific identity. Even in the calmest of them (his thoughts upon the popular discontents), we see the mind of Burke; and yet this is the only political work in which there are few or no vestiges of a public speaker. Again, there is a very marked character in his invectives; they have not even the very faintest resemblance to the invectives of Junius; they have not the coolness and the poignancy of Junius. We have none of Burke's amplification, none of his high-wrought eloquence, none of his aristocratical propensities. No two witnesses can be more dissimilar: you and I, and Mr. Walsh, shall adhere firmly to our old creed. I do not blame you for telling the tale to Lord Hutchinson; with the exception of Mr. Fox only, I think Lord Hutchinson's judgment upon politics and common life, the very soundest I ever met with; and he has another noble property-he has no artifice,—he has no ostentation, and he is a faithful speaker of truth.'

It is, undoubtedly, remarkable, that, from the time of Lloyd's death Junius ceased to write. All the other supposed authors lived many years after. We are, however, free to confess, that we are not a little sceptical as to the

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propriety of attributing the letters of Junius to Lloyd.

THE LADIES ALBUM.

To define an Album, were like analysing the Alchaest of the old philosophers; which contains every thing, and destroys every thing. It implies in the original language, white or felicitous; but it has no association in its adopted form in English with aught that implies white and felicitous. It has neither a white day nor a white garment, nor a white stone; it is too coquettish and variable to have much to do with white faith. If it resemble any thing definable, it is Locke's human soul, which he compares to a sheet of white paper, on which you may scribble what you please. The only etymology which hits off its true description, is the French Blanc, signifying white and vacant at the same time. An Album, is in short, a lottery, in which there are no prizes, and only a capital blank. Although a book of white, it contains as much red and black ink, and flourishes

expended on the blanks, as if they were all prizes.

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An Album is a micro-chaos, where all manner of humours contend for mastery; light armed, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow. It is a Noah's ark, in which odd fish, and strange animals are jumbled together by sixes and sevens, and not arranged by twos. The verse is what is called fugitive;—that is to say, not worth catching. One line is like a kangaroo, and limps on four unequal feet; and the next like a centipede, 'crawls with his hundred feet an inch per day.' First you have an extract from that sweet new poem the 'Triton of the Minnows,' by a Blue, with a criticism, by 'a Poetical Lecturer.' Then follows a bouquet of peonies and tulips, which almost blind you with the fierce glare of red and yellow. 'Motley is the only wear,' and nature, to please some fancies, must be dressed in fools' colours. Next you have a sketch of Swiss lake scenery from Clarens; in looking at the details of which, you are bound to do credit to Rousseau's tête exaltée for being in its highest state of exaltation. Of course the Ranz des vaches, and Swiss longing to get home become truly miraculous; as for the trees they usually resemble large onions and cabbages, rather than such as have their foliage on lake Leman's shore.

It is ten to one if the next rarity be not Locke's Panegyric on Dancing. Trifles come next in the bill of fare—Lady H. on staining tulips, You turn over the page and 'behold a lion!' Videlicet, part of an unpublished tragedy by Lord Star, dash, star. However from a sight of these disjecta membra poetæ, you escape with precipitation, and find yourself floundering in the midst of an epigram on Rousseau in bad French; a recipe for Circassian wash of roses, in bad English; the diagram of a new quadrille; a false perspective of the church of St. Peter at Rome; and directions for

making ladies' shoes with cork and packthread.

To draw harmony from an Album, would puzzle the skill of a Hannibal, who made it his chief boast that he was able to reduce to order the multitude of heterogeneous elements that composed his army. An eastern army is followed by another army nearly as large, of suttlers, beggars, Jews, and plunderers; but in an Album, the 'humour of the thing,' consists in the plunderers composing the main body, and miserable usually is the plunder when obtained. Verse on stilts, and prose run mad; elegant extracts without elegance; apothegms without instruction; epigrams without point; and repartees without meaning, form the corps d'elite, the argyraspidas, or white shields of the army. The light corps or velites are Joe Millers, hashed

up for the hundredth time and spoiled in the hashing; conundrums, rebuses, charades, acrostics, riddles, and Bouts rimés, in which it would puzzle Œdipus, ay-and the Sphinx to boot, to discover a glimpse of meaning, wit or humour, after the inventors have been so condescending as to put themselves to the torture of trying to explain them.

THE AVENGER.

A SPANISH BALLAD.

WITHIN a hall, in proud Castile, which now is still and lone, The fair Perilla stood and leaned against the pillared stone; She leaned her head upon her hand, her cheek was wan with woe, When her brother entered there, and said, 'Why, sister, weep you so?'

You were wont to be the gayest, but now you droop and sigh, You were wont to wear a brilliant brow, but sunken is your eye; You were wont to step the lightest of all the maids in Spain, What sorrow weighs upon your heart that your tears descend like rain?

You know that Don Fernando Rey had made his yow to me; That he'd sworn to love no other, and that I his bride should be; But his words were like the wind, for he his plighted faith hath broken, And sent me back in scorn the ring I gave him for a token.

And more than this, has dared to breathe against my virgin fame Suspicions such as ne'er till now were coupled with my name; That my unsullied purity, stained and dishonoured is;'-'The blood is hot,' Diego said, 'that shall be cold for this.'

'No-no-go not, Diego!' but, alas! she spoke too late, For he rushed without the hall, and quick had past the outer gate; Then the maiden stood in terror, for she read in his 'vengeful eye, As plain as wrath could write it there, 'He shall atone or die.'

Twere vain to guess the stirring thoughts o'er her burning brain that rushed, And the deep and dark forebodings that o'er her spirit gushed, As hurriedly she paced the room, as fast she trode the floor, And ever turned her tearful eye upon the opening door.

Diego soon returned again, and came in calmest mood, But Perilla looked upon his hands, and saw them red with blood,e spoke no word—she made no sign—but shricked, and swooned a And the day that saw her lover's death, was her own dying day. Thirdly it cores or willis me Joe Millors, hashed

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A VENETIAN STORY.

Ir was a dark and tempestuous evening in the autumn of the year 1750. The wind, increasing almost to a hurricane, rushed through the long and narrow streets of Venice, with a degree of fury which would have done justice to the stormy evening of a northern climate; and its sounds, mingled with the loud dashing of the waves of the Adriatic as they were driven to spray against the houses and gondolas, came upon the ear with a fearful and almost portentous dissonance. The hour of midnight was fast approaching, when Count Donato, a member of the Council of Ten, (whose severity had rendered him an object of universal dislike in Venice), returning to his palace, near the Rialto, attended only by a single servant, was beset by four ruffians-stilettoed-and left dead upon the spot. Two of the assassins bound Minselmo, the count's attendant, whilst their companions perpetrated the horrid deed. The cries of the domestic, as soon as he durst give the alarm, (for the death of the count appeared to have been almost instantaneous), brought the inhabitants of the opposite house to the spot, who having carried in the dead body, proceeded to unbind Minselmo; an office which they had scarcely performed, when a man, who appeared to offer the most violent resistance, was dragged to the scene of the murder by two of the servants of the Baron de Velasco. This stranger had, it seemed, been found concealed behind some piazzas in an adjoining street, under very peculiar, and, as it was deemed, suspicious circumstances. He, however, denied most solemnly all participation in the bloody deed, and assured his accusers that he had taken refuge in the place in which he had been discovered, to avoid some men, whose ambiguous conversation had alarmed him; and who, he gained from their mysterious language and deportment, were bound upon some murderous expedition. But what could have led him to that spot at so late an hour was the natural question to which this statement gave birth? To this inquiry he replied very unsatisfactorily. In answer to interrogations as to who he was and where he lived, he rejoined, that he was valet to Signor Dominica de Foscari, son of the marquis of that name. This admission increased the suspicion of the bystanders; as it was notorious that a bitter feeling of enmity subsisted between the families of Count Donato and that of the marquis. Olivier, was accordingly, in spite of the correctness of his protestations, dragged to a place of security for the night.

Early the next morning the Council of Ten, with the state inquisitors, assembled; and the supposed delinquent was taken before them, and closely interrogated. The evidence against him, if evidence it could be called, was entirely circumstantial. The only pretence for suspecting him of being accessary to the murder, was founded upon his having been discovered near the spot, immediately after its perpetration; as well as the well known feud which had been so long cherished between the family of his master and that of the deceased senator. These coincidences, however, led the sages of the council to conceive that Olivier had been employed to assassinate Donato, and to infer, upon a principle equally liberal, that Dominica Foscari must have been the person under whose orders he had acted. The rack was accordingly prepared; and having been

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exhibited to his gaze, he was re-examined; but he still resolutely and indignantly denied all knowledge of the crime imputed to him. This contumacy appearing to deserve severe punishment, he was put to the question; but notwithstanding the infliction upon him of the most cruel tortures, he persisted in declaring his innocence. More dead than alive, he was remanded to his dungeon, and directions were given that due care should be taken to recover him, in order that the inquisitors might once more endeavour to wring from him a confession of his guilt, by new and still more horrible tortures.

The cause of the enmity which subsisted between the families of Donato and Foscari was simply this: On the decease of the preceding Doge, the Marquis de Foscari was unanimously elected in his place, to the severe chagrin of the Count Donato, who had himself aspired to the honour. From that hour he disclaimed all intercourse with the Foscari, and by a thousand malicious invectives, betrayed, on a variety of occasions, the meanness of his mind and the bitterness of his disappointment. In the hope, however, of still succeeding the marquis, (who was much older than himself) in the event of his death, he did not deem it politic to decline a seat in the council. He had two sons, the elder Angelo Donato, inherited all his father's unamiable qualities, and was even, if possible, of a still more rancorous and tyrannical disposition. Natale the younger son was, in all respects, the counterpart of his brother, and had deviated so far from the injunctions of his father to avoid all intercourse with the Foscari family, as to form not only a most friendly intimacy with Dominica, but also to fall in love with his beautiful sister Julia. To all his protestations of regard, however, the young lady was insensible, her heart having room for no other loverthan the Count Emanuel Buonarotti, a friend and associate of her brother, to whom indeed she was already betrothed. His sister Francesca was reckoned the most beautiful woman in all Venice; but there were many who preferred the delicate and pensive loveliness of Julia to the commanding but less feminine graces of Francesca. Angelo Donato, notwithstanding his assumed indifference, or rather aversion, to the sex, paid a silent homage to the loveliness of Dominica Foscari's mistress, and was even weak enough to acknowledge his regard for her. But she spurned his splendid offers, whilst she avowedly favoured the suit of his rival; and hence a feeling of hatred was generated in his breast which was for ever in search of opportunities for venting itself upon its object. He was under the influence of such feelings, and absolutely revolving in his mind a plot for effecting the separation of the two lovers, when Minselmo, his father's servant, entered his chamber with an aspect which sufficiently betrayed the nature of the news he had to communicate. Having possessed himself of the particulars of the count's assassination, and the arrest of Dominica's valet, he determined to make the most of this opportunity of revenging himself upon the Foscari family. Indeed, he openly avowed his determination of seeking out Dominica and dying his hands in his blood. His brother Natale remonstrated loudly with him on the injustice of such a course. Doubtless,' said he, 'Foscari is innocent; and if not, this man will certainly, under a promise of pardon for himself, confess the truth. Let us at least await the opinions of the inquisitors.'

This expostulation would have weighed but little with the savage and vindictive Angelo, had it not occurred to him that he might revenge himself far more effectually on his rival than by ingloriously taking his life,

without first satisfying himself of his guilt. He accordingly returned his sword, which he had unsheathed in the first moment of his fury, to its

scabbard, and turned upon his heel.

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As soon as Olivier was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the tortures which had been inflicted upon him to be enabled to undergo them again, he was brought before the inquisitors for re-examination. On being asked if his master would appear on his behalf, he replied, that the young count had left Venice on the night of the murder, and would be absent on a visit some days; and added, that but for this circumstance, he should not have ventured from home at so late an hour. He was then desired to state his motive for being absent from his master's house at such a time of night. After some hesitation, which his judges seemed to consider as a sign of his guilt, he with great diffidence assured the council, that an innocent motive had led him from home on the occasion in question. He had a mistress, the daughter of a tradesman in the Strada del Maia, and having some knowledge of the guitar, was returning from serenading his beloved Rosina, when the discourse of some men, whom he apprehended to be robbers, led him to secrete himself under the piazzas where he was first discovered.

As, however, no guitar was found upon him, his story was discredited; but he declared in explanation of the circumstance which appeared to invalidate his statement, that 'it was his custom to repair every evening to his mistress in the same manner; that upon a preconcerted signal given by him she opened the window, and with a string let down the instrument, which she drew up ere he retired; but that on the evening alluded to, he had, in consequence of his master's absence, ventured to prolong his visit to a much later hour than usual.' To this attempt at excuse little credit was attached; and, after having been put once more to the torture,

he was remanded to prison.

Dominica Foscari had, as Olivier had informed the tribunal, set out on the evening of the murder from the ducal palace for the country villa of his friend, Count Emanuel, to solicit his consent to his nuptials with the beautiful Francesca. He had passed two days of uninterrupted happiness in the society of Emanuel and Francesca, and had not only obtained the object of his hopes, but had been told by his friend that it was the first wish of his heart to see his sister united to him; when, on the close of the third day, it was proposed that the two lovers should avail themselves of the beauty of the weather to make a short excursion in the count's gondola. The evening was one of those which so often succeed a stormy day. The thunder had ceased to roar, and the livid flashes of lightning no longer burst upon the eye. The moon was rising from behind a group of fantastically-shaped masses of cloud with unusual splendour, and the gentle breeze that still played upon the surface of the water, brought coolness and fragrance upon its wing. They had scarcely been half an hour on the canal, and were listening to the evening chaunt of the gondolieri, when they perceived, by the light of the moon, some men embarking in a small boat which belonged also to the count; and supposing that he was bringing some friends to join them, they desired their gondolieri to rest upon their oars. The boat approached them with incredible swiftness; but what was their surprise, when, instead of the count, two fierce-looking men jumped on beard, and seizing on Dominica, whilst a third held the boat, inquired of him if he was Signor Foscari, son of the Doge. He immediately answered

that he was, and desired them to unhand him. They replied sullenly, that he must consider himself their prisoner, for that they arrested him by order of the inquisition, for the murder of Count Donato.

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Surprise, horror, and compassion for Francesca, agitated him by turns. But resistance would have availed him nothing; he therefore suffered himself to be conveyed into the boat, whilst the gondolieri rowed

slowly to shore with his almost lifeless mistress.

Emanuel, who had been enjoying the serenity of the evening with a friend, was at that moment awaiting, on the steps of his villa, the return of Foscari and his sister. As the gondola approached the shore, they were surprised at not seeing him; but when they beheld the apparently lifeless form of Francesca reclining on one of the benches, they immediately concluded that Dominica was drowned. 'Santa Virgine,' exclaimed one of the gondolieri (who believed her to have been dead), as she opened her eyes and pronounced the name of her lover; whilst the other sighed piteously as he ejaculated Donna Infelice; and then following the count into the

house, they related all they knew of the affair.

Emanuel never, for a moment, questioned the innocence of his friend: but he was aware of the unrelenting character of his judges, as well as of the envenomed malignity of Angelo Donato. The distress of Francesca,-the confusion which would be occasioned in the Foscari family,—and above all, the anguish which his beloved Julia must feel on the occasion, preyed upon his imagination, and presented to him nothing but the most terrific ideas. One moment he beheld his dearest friend inhumanly deprived of life, for an offence he would have shuddered at the bare idea of committing; and the next, he fancied he saw his sister deprived of reason, her face pale, and her hair dishevelled, calling for vengeance on the murderers of her lover; but when the image of Julia presented itself to his mind, worn down by grief for the loss of an amiable and innocent brother, he was almost overwhelmed with the tumult of emotions which agitated him.

Foscari preserved a sullen silence, disdaining to ask any questions of the men by whom he had been arrested. He thought only of his Francesca, and the big tears coursed each other down his manly cheeks, when he reflected on the situation of his mistress; but, even in these moments, his consciousness of his own innocence reassured him that he should soon be-

hold her again. Olivier was once more put to the question, but persisted in his protestations of his innocence. At length he was respited, and a fresh, and still more diabolical expedient, was resorted to. An anonymous letter had, it appeared, been put into that detestable engine of calumny, 'The Lion's Mouth,' intimating a thorough conviction of Foscari's being the sole instigator of the murder of Count Donato. The cause assigned was, that Angelo Donato had made overtures to Signora Francesca de Buonarotti, and that the young Foscari had, by mistake, inflicted on the father the blow intended for the son. Every circumstance that could possibly give a colour to such a supposition was exaggerated, especially Foscari's sudden absence on the night of the murder. The better to conceal the objects of the writer, the letter concluded with a long eulogy on the Doge, setting forth how unworthy was such a son of so great and amiable a father. This diabolical trick produced the desired effect. Foscari, when brought before the tribunal, expressed becoming indignation at the charge imputed to him, and replied to all the interrogatories of the inquisitors, in a firm and undaunted manner. that

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But the bitterness of his enemies was not to be appeased by reason and truth. They persisted in his having been, if not the immediate perpetrator, at least, the instigator of the murder; but no positive evidence appearing against him, he was condemned to the rack, in the expectation that torture would wring from him a confession, which his persecutors had been unable to obtain by gentler means. He requested that he might first be allowed an interview with the Doge his father, but even this request was denied him; and in answer to his complaints of the injustice of his judges, he was directed to prepare himself immediately for the torture. In the course of a few minutes afterwards, he was placed upon the wheel. A groan from the bystanders followed the first screw of the infernal machine; the victim's lips moved, but no sound accompanied that movement. Would he confess? He faintly articulated, 'I am innocent.' His pulse stopped, and his heart ceased to beat. Unmindful of the state to which they had reduced him, they were proceeding to still further barbarities, when the inquisitors directed their familiars to cease, and unbind him. It was not until he was placed upon a litter, with his friend Emanuel by his side, that Foscari began to breathe again. As he drew near to his prison he awoke once more to the consciousness of his situation; and the recollection of the condition in which he had left his beloved Francesca, was even more dreadful than all the tortures he had undergone. Emanuel concealed as much as possible the effect produced upon his sister by Foscari's cruel arrest, assuring him that she had not lost the hope of her lover's being restored to her by an honourable and unqualified acquittal.

Some days passed, in which he saw no one save his faithful attendant, and the Count Buonarotti, who had employed all the influence he could command in favour of his unfortunate friend. But even the Doge, strange as it may appear, refused to intercede for his son. He disdained the condescension, well aware that his interference was not likely to alter the decrees of such a court as that of Venice. The marchioness was inconsolable, and would herself have besought mercy for her child, but that she was forbidden so to do by her husband, who protested that none of his family should subject themselves to an humiliation which he knew could be productive of no advantage to the individual who might be the object of it. Julia, however, received considerable support from the assurances of her lover, who promised that all his interest should be exerted for the unfortunate Dominica.

Affairs were in this train, when the Council of Ten, who had frequently assembled for the purpose of agreeing on what sentence they should pass upon the supposed delinquent, after many deliberations, resolved to banish him for a stated period in the island of Candia; and if he still persisted in his innocence to inflict the torture upon him a second time, and then imprison him until he should confess his crime. This sentence met with the hearty concurrence of his enemies, more especially of the Count Donato.

Natale Donato, however, satisfied in his heart that Foscari could neither have been the perpetrator nor instigator of the crime imputed to him, felt the utmost indignation at this cruel treatment; but, when he attempted to express his sentiments on the subject, he was assailed with reproaches, and the most opprobrious language, by his inhuman brother. He was determined, nevertheless, to satisfy Foscari that he was in no wise accessary to the barbarities which had been practised upon him; and with this view, on the morning previous to the arrival of the decree from the inquisitorial court, bribed the guards to introduce him to the prisoner, whom he found

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listening to a letter which Count Buonarotti was reading to him from Francesca, and which contained the most earnest protestations of affection for her unfortunate lover.

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The interruption was by no means a welcome one, for Foscari supposed that he beheld one of his most implacable enemies. Emanuel rose, and begged to know the cause of so strange a visit. An explanation soon ensued, and Natale having disavowed any participation in the cause of Foscari's unmerited sufferings, and acknowledged his belief that Dominica was entirely guiltless of the crime of which he was accused, parted from him on the most friendly terms, with a promise that he would visit him

every day during his confinement.

The following morning the decree arrived, and was presented to him by one of the familiars of the tribunal. Foscari summoned composure to make himself master of its purport; but when he came to that part of it which doomed him to imprisonment in Candia, he was completely overwhelmed by the violence of his emotions, and sitting down, leaned his face on his hands in an agony of grief and indignation. Count Buonarotti at this moment entered his cell, and employed every means in his power to alleviate his sufferings. The sentence named the ensuing day for his departure. This circumstance had escaped the observation of Foscari, and was no sooner pointed out to him, than he gave himself up to the most heart-rending despair, imploring his friend, in the most pathetic manner, to intercede with his merciless judges, in order to induce them to allow him a parting interview with his parents and Francesca. Emanuel hastened to the ducal palace, where he found the Doge with his family, already apprised of the savage mandate, and sinking under the pressure of their grief. It was in vain to entreat his intercession; and having admonished them to assume a degree of fortitude, which his wretched friend had entirely abandoned, he repaired to the assembled council, and with an appearance of submission, which nothing but the situation in which he stood would have induced him to assume, delivered the request of Dominica for a few days delay, in order to enable him to take leave of his family and friends. But these merciless persecutors were inexorable; and all that could be extracted from their savage natures, was, that the young count should be allowed, during his imprisonment at Candia, to write and receive letters from his friends. Emanuel accordingly retired to the ducal palace, and related the ill success of his embassy. The effect produced upon this devoted family may be more readily conceived than described.

Natale Donato had, after his visit to Foscari, endeavoured to exculpate himself with the Doge. The sight of Julia,—her unaffected distress,—but, above all, the generosity with which she acquitted him of taking part against her unhappy brother,—all conspired to awaken those sentiments which her beauty first created in his bosom, and it was now that he resolved, at the hazard of of his life, and what was dearer still, his honour, to do all he could to serve the unfortunate family. By mere accident, he was with the Doge when Buonarotti returned, and was witness to the agonizing emotions of Julia, when she found she could not obtain an interview with her beloved Dominica. An idea presented itself to his imagination, which seemed to promise her the melancholy satisfaction of an interview,—and when the marquis solicited the count to revisit his son, and bear him their blessing with all the consolation he could administer, Natale accompanied him, and informed him

of the plan which had suggested itself.

The disguise which procured Natale's admission to Foscari, was that of a page to Count Buonarotti; and as he had not discovered himself to the principal attendant, he thought Julia might easily pass unnoticed in the same dress. This proposal met with the warm concurrence of Emanuel, who returned the most unfeigned acknowledgments for the interest he took in the sufferings of his friend. They separated, and the count imparted to Foscari the refusal of the inquisitors, as well as the generous offer of Natale Donato.

The evening arrived, and Natale conducted the trembling Julia to the prison of her brother; as he quitted her, her fears increased with violence, for she dreaded a discovery which must, at this juncture, have proved fatal. The guards were, however, deceived, and she gained Foscari's

apartment without the slightest notice having been taken of her.

She had not been long with her brother, when a plan occurred to her mind, which, though amazed at her own intrepidity, (having until this moment been timidity itself) she determined to put in execution. She communicated it instantly to the count and Foscari.—It was, that she and her brother should exchange habits, in order that he might thus escape to the country-seat of Count Emanuel, and there remain till the following night, by favour of which he might get to Naples, and take his opportunity from thence to escape the vigilance of his pursuers. She concluded by assuring them, she had no fears on her own account, as the council could not punish her for the imputed crime of her brother.—She paused.—Already was Foscari at the feet of his sister, while Emanuel fixed his eyes, glistening with tears, on his Julia, in silent admiration.

The scheme was too flattering not to be acceded to by Dominica. The idea of once more beholding his Francesca, would have induced him to run any risk. The feelings of Count Buonarotti on this occasion were of a most perplexing character—trembling for the safety of both, he knew not what to advise; the extreme delicacy of Julia, he was well aware, could ill support the severity which threatened her, on the inevitable discovery—and he was not assured that immediate death would not be the consequence if his

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Foscari was still at Julia's feet, pouring forth his effusions of gratitude, while Emanuel remained in silent perplexity, when she started up, and with the most animated countenance, reminded them there was no time to be lost. 'Do you then, my dear count,' rejoined she, 'immediately retire, that you may not be accused of assisting in this plot.' Then, without giving him time to reply, she led him to the door, and with a tender pressure of his hand, closed it upon him. Emanuel, without knowing what he did, walked slowly from the prison, occupied with the most piercing reflections, and anticipating every evil which could possibly befall those whom he loved and esteemed most on earth; not to mention the suspicions which must inevitably be directed towards himself. He had walked some distance, and had rested himself among some ruins, to give way to his feelings of despair, and had remained in this situation nearly an hour,-the gloominess of the night adding to the sadness of his mind-when on casting up his eyes with a fervent ejaculation, he perceived some one hastily passing that way; as quickly he descried the step of Foscari, and in an instant they were by each other's side. Dominica, who dared not delay, could scarcely articulate 'Farewell, my friend, be kind to Julia,' and was proceeding, but the darkness of the night favouring their escape, the count

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insisted on accompanying him as far as the safety of both would permit. They walked on till the dawn began to appear, and then parted with mutual protestations of unalterable friendship. The perturbed state of Foscari's mind prevented him from adopting the necessary precautions for apprising Signora Francesca of his arrival, and a loud shriek from above instantly conveyed to him the impropriety of his conduct; in a moment she was in the saloon, and once more in the arms of her lover.

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After the first transports of their affection had subsided, and he had related to her in what manner he had escaped, her expressions of gratitude to Julia were boundless; a thousand times she called her 'her beloved sister, her dear deliverer.' There was a small pavilion at the end of the garden, in which she thought Foscari would be more secure from observation than in the house; thither she conducted him, and they agreed that in the dusk of the evening, after assuming a fresh disguise, he should set of

for Naples.

To return to Julia; after the departure of Foscari, every thing wore the appearance of desolation. She revolved in her mind with anguish unutterable the hazardous step she had taken, on Foscari's account only,—for herself, she determined to submit to the event with fortitude and resignation, and she acquitted herself according to this resolution. Before the attendant withdrew for the night, he inquired if she wanted any thing more, and received an answer in the negative; then securing the door he retired, and the discovery was, agreeably with her wishes, avoided until the next morning. On his entering, as usual, he was surprised at not finding the prisoner in bed; and was looking into the adjoining room, (for Foscari had been indulged with two), when Julia, who was prepared for the denoument, advanced towards him. 'My friend,' said she, with the most collected firmness, 'you perceive your prisoner is changed, behold the sister of the unfortunate Signor Foscari, ready to submit to any sentence, however rigorous, if but, by this means, she can rescue an innocent brother.' Such unparalleled heroism in a woman, astonished the attendant, but he dared not conceal the escape of the young count from the inquisitors. Accordingly, in a few hours, Julia was taken before the council. Her fortitude for a moment forsook her, when she perceived the Count Buonarotti a prisoner also at the bar of the tribunal. On her examination she would have entirely exculpated him, but for one circumstance, which confuted her. 'If not by his assistance, how was the habit of his page procured?' She cast down her eyes and appeared confused-Buonarotti was remanded into custody, when, waving her hand as a sign for them to release him, she assured the council she had bribed the page to lend her his habit, but he did not know for what purpose. The page was sent for, and this, to the count and Julia, was a period of insupportable misery, as his evidence would, they thought, unavoidably ruin their generous friend, Natale Donato; but what was their surprise, when he repeated nearly the same words that Julia herself had delivered. He had heard of the escape of Foscari, and on being summoned to appear before the council, the whole truth flashed upon him in an instant, when he beheld the Lady Julia in a man's habit. Thus, owing to the quick perception of a menial, the generous assistance of Natale was concealed.

Julia and her lover were severally acquitted; but she trembled when the chief senator informed her that this liberation would fall heavy on the prisoner, whom they doubted not to overtake, as they had despatched

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pursuers to every place through which he could possibly pass. Alas! the prediction was too true; the unhappy Foscari was seized at the moment of his quitting Francesca, and the following morning beheld him again a prisoner at the bar of an incensed tribunal. Not one of his friends, not even the count, was permitted to see him. As he disdained a falsehood, he declined giving any satisfactory answer, on his examination, and was therefore sentenced once more to the rack, for the purpose of extorting from him the wished-for confession. This, however, was fortunately objected to by the principals of the council, and the former sentence ordered to be immediately put in execution.*

THE DEAD INFANT.

A SKETCH.

"It is not dead, but sleepeth."

YES! this is DEATH! but in its fairest form, And stript of all its terrors;—that closed eye Tells nothing of the cold and hungry Worm That holds his revel-feast with frail Mortality!

Yes! this is DEATH! but, like a Cherub's sleep, So beautiful—so placid;—who of earth (And tasting earthly cares,) would wish to weep O'er one that has escaped the woes of mortal birth?

Here might the sculptor gaze, until his hand, Had learned to fashion forth you levely thing, Pale as the chisseled marble;—here command Those beauties that defy all ART's imagining!

The still calm brow—the smile on either cheek,
The little folded hands,—the lips apart,
As though they would the bonds of silence break,
Are they not models fair,—meet for the sculptor's art?

Proud Science, come! learn of this beauteous clay,
That seems to mock the dread Destroyer's reign,
As though in Slumber's downy links it lay,
Awaiting but the morn, to wake to life again.

Yes! this is DEATH! but in its fairest form,
And stript of all its terrors.—That sealed eye
Tells nothing of the cold and hungry Worm
That holds his revel-feast with cold MORTALITY!

These lines are extracted from an elegant little volume which has just issued from the press, entitled, 'Hours at Home,' by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. The collection contains somewhere about eighty short original poems, 'several of which are not less beautiful than the specimen here given. The subjects are, for the most part, of a domestic nature, and the work is appropriately dedicated, in some pleasing verses, to the authoress's mother. Mrs. Wilson possesses very considerable poetical talent, and an apparent facility of versification which makes us regret that she does not draw more entirely from her own resources, instead of taking up ideas which have been already worn threadbare by her contemporaries; and the more especially, as when she does not shackle her talents by imitation she is always most successful. As the reviewal, at length, of new publications forms so insignificant a portion of our plan, we must be fain to content ourselves with this brief and imperfect notice of Mrs. Wilson's Book. Its external appearance is more than ordinarily elegant.—Ed. of the Lit. Mag.

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which he could mosaisly pass. Alas! tife

THERE is nothing so delightful as meeting with an old friend, exclaims the man of feeling, and to this opinion we cordially subscribe: there is nothing so delightful as meeting with an old friend;—the presence of a much-loved and long-loved being, tinges every object with the hue of enjoyment, and infuses a new life and youth into the heart. But at the same time, we must most steadily maintain, that there is nothing so tiresome as an old acquaintance; nor any thing so unreasonable as the expectation of being cherished and esteemed by any person, because by the mere accidents of life, one has happened to have been a great many times in that individual's company, or so circumstanced, as for the events of the life of the one to have become the inevitable subject of the chit-chat and gossip of the tea-table of the other. As 50,000 zeros will never make an unit, nor reach to the dignity and consistency of the meanest integral part of the very smallest sum; so a countless number of involuntary, unsought, unprized, unwished-for meetings, will never come up to the power and estimation of one precious interview of mutual concurrence and mutual enjoyment; when the full heart overflows in unsuspecting talk, and the fancy and the taste excited and gratified, leave a relish on the remembrance which makes solitude unlonely, or loneliness palatable.

Yet we are in the habit of meeting every day with people who, to use a French idiom, motive their reminiscent visits with- I was sure you would be glad to see me, because, though we never visited, we used to be for ever meeting at Dr. M.'s or Lady C.'s.' A stern professor of truism might reply: 'Sir, if we had been suitable to each other, we should have visited; our coalescability has not increased during the lapse of twenty years. Human minds are not much more tedious about blending with each other, than chemical agents, when once they come into contact, if they are really homogeneous. If I can be of any use to you I shall be very happy; but you really must not expect me to be transported by an accidental meeting with a person with whose identity no fond remembrances are entwined in my recollection. You are so civil as to say, that you are so glad to see me, because I am one of the three score of people who used, occasionally, to dine at the same table; therefore, of course, you would be equally glad to see any of the other fifty-nine. That will not do for me, sir; perhaps I am not very loveable; but I must be loved for myself, or not at all.

All this may be felt, but cannot be said; a certain degree of hypocrisy becomes an imperious duty, according to the common code of civility. But heaven knows what disagreeable things are daily said and done on this outrageous plea of old acquaintanceship, which is abused into a privilege of being grievously impertinent. Thus begins your Friendly Bore:—
Well, really, when one comes to look back a little, what changes there are in the world! Your brother was living when we met last—what a fine young man he was! I was quite sorry to hear of his death: I dare say it was a great shock to your father,—I hear he is grown very infirm: Jackson says he never notices any thing that passes now. It is very melancholy to see one's old acquaintance falling off so. However, some of us are doing well enough. There was the beautiful Lucy G. that sweet girl who sang so well; people used to say you were to be married to her, you know,—well, that was not to be, it seems; she married Sir Charles at

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last, and has now three daughters almost grown up. I wonder your sisters never married; they were very fine girls. I remember how Phillips and I used to try to be beforehand with each other, in engaging them for the first dance. I hear that Rose has become very deaf; and is it true that Grace has become quite a cripple from the rheumatism?-Well, there is a great pleasure in talking these things over. I think I shall remove into your part of the town, that we may spend our evenings together. Ah! you remember that farm that you were obliged to throw up,-Higgins took it, and you would not know the place; he got it all into fine condition, and lays up money every year. I was down there last summer: I saw your picture at your uncle George's; but, bless me! nobody who saw you now, could ever guess that it was intended for a likeness of you,-when one comes to grow heavy, and to lose one's hair, it makes such a difference. Do you draw as much as you did? I see you have taken to glasses, &c. &c. &c. This insufferable Bore, or old friend, as he has sometimes the impudence to call himself, while he is stabbing one's pride, and lacerating one's sensibility, never fails to put one in mind of every sorrow one wishes to forget, but cannot—every folly one endeavours to excuse, but may not. Have you ever been drawn into an unwary intimacy with a specious fellow of infinite wit, talent, and agreeableness, who afterwards turns out to be a villain? Your Friendly Bore brands you for ever with the shame of your gullibility, by never naming the fellow without the accusing preface of your friend Mr. A.; and moreover, sometimes adds, with an intolerable chuckle of merry condolence, 'Ha! ha! my poor friend, how you were taken in!' Did you ever apply in vain for a place, a partnership, or a living, or a wife, or a commission; or haply to get out a tragedy, or get in a claim? You may lay your account of never hearing the last of any of these misadventures and vexations, so long as you have old acquaintances extant, and cannot keep away from them by living only with your friends, or by yourself; which we hold to be the only mode of existence worth the trouble of getting up and lying down, dressing and undressing, talking and hearing talk, eating and drinking, &c. &c. &c.

A FAREWELL.

If e'er by words can be exprest,

The mind of man when broken hearted,—
Or sighs—or tears, console the breast,

From what it loves for ever parted:—
Then every grief I have to tell,

Mid sighs just breathed—and tears just started—
Read thou in this wild word 'FAREWELL!'

A MANY AND DESIGNATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

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JEHOVAH SHAMMAH.*

And thou wilt every want fulfil
Of promised love, and Zion-ward
Wilt lead the tribes in Judah still.

Though mute within thy walls we stand, Nor harp, nor tabret's sound is there; Nor bended knee, nor lifted hand, Nor solemn vow, nor voice of prayer:

The heart contrite, the lowly mind,

The strength implored, the trembling plea,

The cherished joy of years resigned,

In grateful incense rise to thee.

Sometimes, perhaps, as 'reft and weak Along her walls may Zion mourn; Because they be but few that seek Her day of feast or solemn morn.

But thou shalt still inhabit there, And there shall still thy glory shine; And Sinai's fount thy name shall bear, And Sion's hill shall still be thine.

Yet shalt thou teach her sons thy ways;
Her courts with prophets yet shall fill;
And on her gates shall still be Praise,
And on her walls Salvation still!

There shalt thou bid thine ensign stand,
And blow thy trumpet, that from far
Shall call the nations, land by land,
And they shall answer, 'Here we are!'

And Cush and Hamath, as of old,
And Taproham† shall come to her,
With richest offerings, gems, and gold,
And balm, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Around her borders shalt thou lead

The streams that gladden where they flow;

And there Nebaioth's rams shall feed,

And there the flocks of Kedar go.

Within—thy love, thy peace shall rest;
The unmeasured Spirit all shall hear;
And every tongue shall call her blest,
And name her name—The Lord is here!

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WILLIAM DIAMOND.

^{*} These beautiful lines are from the pen of a member of the Society of Friends. Ed. Lit. Mag. † Supposed to be intended for Taphanes, v. Jer. XLIII. 7, 8.

AN APPROVED MODE OF MAKING A NOVEL.

WRECK a ship, or overturn a coach. Let there be an interesting young woman, with a child in her arms, saved from the perils of drowning, or overthrow. Let her faint; cause her to be carried into the house of a kind-hearted old lady, who puts her into a warm bed, and gives her some weak brandy and water. Let the young woman die! Examine her pockets; find in one, a letter, written to her, probably, by her husband, with the address and signature both torn off; in the other, a curious old thimble, or pencil-case, or locket, or any thing you please, provided it be the only one of its kind in the world. Let the baby smile. Let the old lady vow to bring it up. Let years roll on. Let the babe become a beautiful young woman. Let her hair be auburn;—her eyes, celestial blue;—her mouth like rubies;—her teeth, seed-pearl;—her complexion, transparently delicate;—her cheeks, such as to make roses and lilies wither with envy;—her form, sylph-like;—her step, elastic;—her manners, dignified, yet simple;—and let her be unconscious of her beauty, though she is 'beauty's self.'

Let the old lady have kindly instructed her in drawing; and nature in sing-

ing; and let her be a proficient in both.

Let a nobleman and his lady come to live in the neighbourhood. Let the lady take a fancy to the beautiful Julietta, or Amoretta, or Heavenlietta, or whatever name you may have selected for her. Let her go to London with the nobleman and his lady. Let their only son, Lord Tenderheart, fall in love with the beautiful Heavenlietta. Let her fall in love with him, but let her fancy he is engaged to another lady. Let him go abroad without having come to any explanation. Let her become pale, and interestingly pensive. Let her go to balls and routes, and make innumerable conquests. Let her dance most beautifully, though she has never learned a step. Let her have masters in French, Music, and Italian. Let her refuse seven or eight offers, some of them unexceptionable ones. Let her go to a masquerade. Let one of her rejected admirers run away with her, and carry her to a dismal looking house in the country. Let her stab him with a pair of scissors. Let him faint from loss of blood. Let her jump out of the window, and run back again to London. Let a duel be fought about it, and let one man be killed. Bring Lord Tenderheart back again. Let there be an eclaircissement. Let them vow eternal love, though Lord T.'s father will not consent to the union on account of the obscurity of Heavenlietta's birth.

Let there be a severe frost, and afterwards a thaw, to make the streets slippery. Let an old gentleman tumble down, and break his leg, or his arm, (it matters not which), and let him be carried to the house where Heavenlietta resides. Let him have a fever, and recover slowly. Let him start when he sees Heavenlietta. Let her be sewing some day with the old-fashioned thimble,—or writing with a pencil fastened in the old silver pencil-case,—or dangling the locket between her finger and thumb;—and let the old gentleman change colour at the sight of the said thimble, or pencil-case, or locket (which ever you choose to select). Let him discover to Heavenlietta, that he is her grandpapa, and the Earl of Eatwater,—that her father is dead,—and that the trinket in question, once belonged to her great-great-grandmother.

Let her confide to him her attachment to Lord Tenderheart, and let the consent of his father be obtained. Let the old lady, who brought up Heavenlietta, be sent for to their wedding. Let the grandpapa be smitten with

her charms, and marry her. Let them all be happy!

Let these ingredients be carefully mixed together, with a considerable quantity of honey and sugar; stuff the whole composition with sentiment, and let your garnish consist of zephyrs' wings, cupids' darts, and other light ornamental trifles, and you will not fail to produce as sweet a novel as one would wish to see on a summer's-day.

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CHARADES, BY PROFESSOR PORSON.

In a late number of Blackwood's Magazine 'The Devil's Walk,' so long ascribed to Porson, is given to its real authors, Messrs. Southey and Coleridge. The following Charades, which have been also attributed to the Professor's pen, may possibly be in the same predicament.

T.

My First, with more than Quaker pride
At your most solemn duty;
You wear; nor deign to throw aside,
Even though it veil your beauty.

My Second on your cheek or lip
May kindle Cupid's fire;
But on your chin or nose's tip
Would scarce provoke desire.

But, if my whole you entertain

For your unhappy poet;
In pity, Laura, spare his pain,
And never let him know it.

In a damal leoling boose in the coding.

My First is the nymph I adore,
The sum of her charms is my Second—
I almost had call'd it my Third;
But having courted a million or more,
I found that they ne'er could be reckoned,
And therefore discarded the word.

tor watch), and let have be antical to the house where Heave

The child of a peasant, Rose thought it no shame,
To toil at my First all the day;
But when fair Rose's father a farmer became,
My First to my Second gave way.

Rose married a merchant, who took her to town,
To that affluent station preferred;
My First and my Second aside both were thrown,
And she gives all her time to my Third.

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A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

LIEUTENANT M-was, unhappily, born of parents who could trace their descent, on both sides, through many ages of illustrious ancestors. Their genealogical tree had its root from some old king of most apocryphal existence, and was adorned with barons, knights, and nobles, who flourished before the conquest. But the family estate was irretrievably encumbered; and their property neither bore any reasonable proportion to their notions of aristocratic grandeur; nor was at all on a level with the rank which they assumed to themselves among their neighbours. The mind of my poor friend was early imbued with the same haughtiness, and, although the youngest of four brothers, he had no slight opinion of his own dignity and importance. Yet, with many of the faults, he possessed all the virtues which are engendered by ideas of hereditary distinction. He recoiled from every thing illiberal and mean, either in action or in thought; he imbibed, almost with his mother's milk, the nicest sense of honour and generosity. Frank, high-minded, open-hearted, and impetuous, he scorned all falsehood and dissimulation, as unworthy, not only of himself, but of those of his race who went before him. Family pride was with him an additional incentive to rectitude of conduct.

But he had a fortune to make in the world; and, by an unlucky fatality, he was not merely disinclined to flatter or conciliate any created being under heaven, but he was too often disposed to look down upon those who

were both able and willing to do him service.

Another misfortune of his life was that, he early loved, and was beloved, by a beautiful girl, without either family or wealth. Love laughs at the idle distinctions of society; and he married her, after a severe struggle between his pride and his affection. But the connexion was an offence which his family never could forgive, and he quarrelled with them for ever. The same pride which had yielded with reluctance to a stronger passion, now taught him to support the object of his choice by a marked, exclusive, and

almost idolatrous regard.

A small sum of money, which had been left to him by an uncle, was soon dissipated, by the warm and too liberal hospitality of the youthful pair. Ignorant of its value, and careless of its expense, they hardly knew that it was diminished before they had wasted it almost to the last guinea. My friend, on this emergency, placed his wife, and an infant daughter, under the care of one of her relatives; and, impressed with the haughty belief, that the army was the only profession for a gentleman, sought and obtained a commission in a regiment which was on the eve of sailing for Walcheren. In that ill-fated expedition he caught a fever, from which he never afterwards entirely recovered. His health, however, was so far restored, that he was enabled to serve gallantly throughout the war: and his reward was, that when his regiment was paid off at the end of it, he had nothing to subsist upon but the half-pay of a lieutenant.

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For this child therefore, as was natural, he felt all the pride, and lavished on her all the fondness, of a father.

But here again the early notions which he had acquired were the ruin of his happiness. Her education was pursued in a style according rather with the imaginary dignity of his ancestors, than the reality of his situation, and the scantiness of his pecuniary means. He placed her at a fashionable school; for the daughter of Lieutenant M- must obtain, at any price, however enormous, all the useful knowledge, all the elegant accomplishments, which could fit her to adorn that sphere of society in which the ancient rank of her family entitled her to move. The consequence was, therefore, that, although he spent little or nothing upon himself, he became involved in increasing debt, and inextricable embarrassments. To what quarter should he turn for assistance? · Although his wife was dead, he scorned a reconciliation with those who had offended her whilst living. Nor had his own relatives the power, any more than the disposition, to relieve him from his distresses. His brothers, brought up with the same notions, steeped like himself in family pride, and high ideas of their consequence, and the lustre which was reflected upon them by the great names which flourished in their domestic annals, had followed almost the same course, and were plunged in difficulties almost equal to his own.

He tried his only remaining chance. He came to London, and offered his military services to the commander-in-chief, in any climate, and in any employment, where they could be required. But he had little interest, and every vacancy was supplied. Still, however, no actual, no absolute refusal was returned to his application; he lived from week to week in the sickening misery of 'hope deferred,' and that melancholy and wasting hope was

to close in final disappointment.

It was at this period that my acquaintance with him was most intimate, and I could not but guess at his circumstances from his appearance. How was he changed from the gay, gallant young man, whom I had known not many years before! If age is to be reckoned simply by the number of years which have passed over our heads, he was still in the prime of life; he could not have reached his fortieth birth-day. But his face was furrowed by care, his figure was emaciated by disease; his form was bowed by infirmities, and the hand of death was evidently upon him. It is very difficult to be admitted to the confidence of such a man. I long attempted it in vain; I spoke to him frankly,-I wished to speak to him kindly; but he replied only by cool and general answers. There was, at times, indeed, a gloomy sternness in his manner which precluded any further conversation on subjects immediately interesting to himself. Above all things he shrunk from condolence, as if it carried with it, on the part of him who expressed it, something of superiority and condescension. It was a considerable time before I was informed of the place of his abode. His high spirit yielded at length, not to his personal necessities, but to his anxiety for his child; and he sent for me, on her account, when the illness, which had always hung about him, had increased so alarmingly as to confine him to his bed; and he felt, with a cold shudder as he reflected on her destitute situation, that he had not long to live.

I found him on the second floor of a decent house in London, in one of the streets which lead from the Strand down to the river. There was little furniture in the room, and it had altogether the appearance of indigent gentihty. When I mentioned my hope that he would soon find himself better, he shook his head with a languid smile, of which the sad and peculiar expression can never be effaced from my remembrance. He then requested me to sit down by his bed-side, and spoke at some length, in a faltering and hurried tone, without interruption, but not without apparent difficulty. The topics which he felt obliged to introduce, were evidently disagreeable to him, and

his words as nearly as I can recollect, were as follows:

I shall make no apology, my dear sir, for asking you to pay me this visit, nor even for the troublesome office which I am about to impose on you. The confidence which I repose in you is the best proof of my friendship and esteem for you; and the worthiest reward which you could receive for your kindness, will be the reflection, that you have done a service in their need to a dying father and a desolate child. But, I must be more explicit: it will be necessary to recur to some painful circumstances which have lately happened, in order to excuse myself in my own eyes, if not in yours. You know that I was never rich, but you can hardly know to what a degree I have been embarrassed and distressed; you can hardly know what privations I have undergone, and what anguish of soul I have endured. My endeavours to obtain a commission in any regiment have been completely frustrated. But their success or failure is now of little consequence. My campaigns are over; I have fought my last battle with Disease; and it has vanquished me. Death must soon lay me low; and for myself I care not how soon! I bow with resignation to the will of Heaven! This dispensation, indeed, is the least part of my regret. My life has not been so happy that I should look with dread upon the loss of it.

But I have a daughter; I need not say how entirely I have loved her. It would be idle to relate to you, what I have done and suffered for her sake. But take two instances at once of my affection and my distresses. Almost the whole amount of my pay has gone for the last three years to the charge of her education. I have lived, I can hardly tell you how. It is enough that I have contracted many debts, and that whatever was about my person, my watch, my rings, even part of my clothes, have been sold. Two things only remained—my wife's picture, and my sword. I still keep, indeed, the features of my poor Julia; but I have parted with the gold and jewels which surrounded them, in those younger and prouder days, when I first received the gift from her hands; and thought, in the fondness of my admiration, how little the miniature could express the beauty of the original. But why should I trouble you with such recollections as these? How strange is it, that they should come across me even at this moment;—how strange that they should have power to console and to revive!—Yet so it is. But I beg

your pardon. I will now proceed :-

'My sword was now the only possession which I had saved amid the shipwreck of my fortunes;—my sword, which I had ever imagined would only be wrested from me at the latest moment of my existence. But integrity, sir, is a nobler feeling than obstinate haughtiness;—I neither could, nor would, live here without paying for my lodgings. This, then, was the only alternative. There is an actor, and a celebrated one, who lives on the first floor; he is, I firmly believe, as generous a man as ever figured in any profession. He had often made me offers of pecuniary assistance, but I had uniformly rejected them. At last, he pretended to have taken a fancy to my sword; he wanted it, he said, as a conspicuous ornament in his first-rate characters, and proposed to give me far more, I am certain, than he conceived it to be worth. I would not accept of the whole amount;—but, my sword is gone. You may smile, perhaps, at the melancholy earnestness

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with which I speak on such a subject; but things must not be judged by their apparent value. Of all the painful incidents of my life, this is the one which has given me the sharpest pang. This seems the lowest depth of degradation to which my necessities have reduced me. My sword appeared to pierce my heart as I parted with it. It was like parting with my honour. Yet you may, perhaps, not enter into my feelings. The blade, which had been at my side throughout all my campaigns, with which I had encountered the enemies of my country; which had been my defence, my protection, my companion, and my friend,-was now to flourish in mock contests on the stage; -was to be drawn with a spouting rant, and sheathed in bloodless imaginary triumph, amid the tears of sobbing girls, and the applauses of 'a greasy multitude;' and the end, it may be, of a soldier's sword, is to be hacked about in a farce or pantomime, or rust amid the wardrobe of a strolling player. No, no, sir, you cannot conceive half my humiliation. But let us turn from this bitter subject. I have already dwelt too much upon it in secret for my own quiet. What I have further to say will not detain you long.

'In one word, I have a favour to request of you, which I would not, and dare not, ask of another man living. I am destitute; I am enfeebled; I am sinking; I feel that but few more suns will rise on me in this world. But I would see my daughter before I die. I would fain leave my benediction upon her, and breathe my last prayer in her presence. Will you, then, be my friend, as you have ever been? Will you fetch her to me now? Hereafter will you protect her? I trust to your age; I trust to your character; and when I place this precious deposit in your care, I know

you will remember, that you, too, have been a parent!'

Lieutenant M—— here ended his communication; he had exerted himself too much for his strength; he drew his breath with pain. I sent for a physician, who ordered such restoratives as his state demanded. I then told him that I had both time and money at command, and that he would confer a favour on me by availing himself of both. 'For myself,' said he, 'it is too late; my daughter will thank you.' Having taken his directions about my journey, I promised to return with all possible expedition. 'Do so,' he replied, faintly, 'or I shall not live to see her.' He grasped my hand,

and I departed.

I found the daughter of my friend a lovely, high-spirited girl of fourteen years of age; buoyant with health, and just budding into exquisite beauty. I merely told her, in the first instance, that her father was anxious to see her. She appeared to me, as I regarded her, as an innocent and spotless victim, pampered, adorned, and garlanded for the sacrifice. All that she had been taught conspired, if not to injure, to relax her principles, at least to lull them to sleep; if not to spoil or vitiate her mind, at least to soften and enervate it. She knew that she was descended from what is called a good family; she felt that the blood of nobles was in her veins; yet, in a few days, she would be absolutely friendless and pennyless. I thought on these things, and vowed, inwardly, that as long as I had life, the daughter of my friend should never be desolate and unprotected.

As we hurried back to London, I informed the poor girl of the melancholy state of her father's health, and even hinted at his pecuniary embarrassments. Poverty was new and strange; she had read of it in novels and romances, and, perhaps, wept over the imaginary privations of a sentimental heroine; but she could form no conception of penury, as it exists in its dreadful and hideous reality. She thought only, that the life of him,

who was dearest to her upon earth, was in imminent and immediate danger. Her gay questions were changed into anxious inquiries; and her whole soul was concentrated into one impatient desire to be clasped in her father's

arms, and hear him speak to her and bless her once more.

Yet even this mournful pleasure was denied to her. On her arrival, Lieutenant M-was delirious. Who could exhibit to his child at once the wreck of manhood and the dethronement of reason? I remained with him during the night, and towards the morning he awoke, calm and sensible, but rapidly declining to the grave. The physician gave me no hope, that he could live throughout the day.

It was then that I ventured to introduce his daughter. But who shall describe their meeting! I can only recall it to my own imagination. almost fancy that I can yet see her soft blooming cheek joined to the pale, wrinkled, emaciated and burning visage of the sinking veteran. I almost seem to hear her plaintive voice, endeavouring to inspire comfort and hope, but choked by the bursting sobs which she vainly endeavoured to restrain.

Lieutenant M-felt himself dying; he desired to be raised in his bed, and spoke his last injunctions with a voice which had death in its every tone—'God bless you, my dearest child—God in heaven bless you! Your only earthly hope is in the friend who stands beside you.' He then put his hand on her head, and once more solemnly blessed her. He would have placed her hand in mine, as a token of giving her into my protection, but at the very moment she fainted and fell to the ground. I carried her motionless form carefully from the chamber, and before she recovered her

senses her father was no more.

I returned to my friend, who was now calm, composed, and perfectly resigned to his approaching fate. 'The bitterness of death,' said he, 'is past. As an Englishman and a soldier, I have learnt to look upon the extinction of life without terror.' And as a Christian, 'said I. 'Assuredly,' he replied, and bowed his head in submission- My only wish to live was for the sake of my child, and you will be a better guardian to her than I could have been. I have your promise,' added he, looking stedfastly in my face, 'have I not?' 'My most solemn and irrevocable promise.' Then I am contented. You will also settle my affairs and pay my debts, I would not have dishonour attach to my name after my death. I am asking too much, ' he said, after a pause—' but this is no time for pride or hesitation. If you see any of my family, say that I forgave them; and tell my dear, dear child, that my last earthly thought was a prayer for her happiness. For you, '-his voice had been growing gradually weaker and weaker, and he stopped. His hand had been placed upon mine; I felt it stiffen and grow cold. I looked at his features, but they were fixed; I felt his heart, but it no longer beat—his miseries were over!

Yes! his last thought was his child's. Of all human attachments, the loveliest and holiest, perhaps, is the affection of a father for a daughter. There is not only parental fondness and protecting tenderness, but there is also the remembrance of early love; refined, and chastened, and purified;

without passion, and without change.

I hope and trust that I did my duty to his daughter. It was fortunately in my power to settle upon her a small independence, and to reconcile her to part of her father's family. She has since married a man of some fortune and distinction; and I have often letters from her, in all of which she expresses both her happiness and her gratitude.

THE FAREWELL OF SUMMER.

FAREWELL! for I may not rest longer here;—
I have heard the far voice of the waning Year!
As it came through the valley it whispered of death,
And the forest-leaves paled at the sound of its breath;—
The white-bosomed lily sank down on the stream,
And the violet shaded her blue eye's beam.

The reaper hath gathered the golden corn;
The hunter is out with his baldric and horn;
The wild-bee roams yet, and the ruddock that weaves
The pallid babe's shroud-dress of withering leaves:
But the starry-winged fly, and the purple-hued flower,
They are gone—they are gone from my faded bower.

And I must away to a sunnier isle,
With the swallow to bask in the blue heaven's smile:
Alas! ye will mourn when the wintry North
From his ambush shall pour the swift hail-shaft forth;
And the sickly moon light the thin clouds as they go,
Till they gleam like the snow-shining mountains below.

But mourn not for me: I will shelter me far,
Where the winter-wind blights not my wreathed tiar;
Again in the beds of your streams will unfold
My noon-day mantle of green and gold;
And lull Day's bright fall in my rosy nest,
Till his young eyes close, and he sinks to rest.

Yet ere I return—there are who will sleep
In a cradle more dark, in a slumber more deep,
Than the darkling West, than the day's decline,
Though fairer and brighter than aught of mine;
I shall see them no more—they will go to that bourne
Which they may not repass, whence they cannot return.

I have seen them abroad in the dawning hours, Light were their steps o'er the unbent flowers, With rose-buds, like gems, in their amber hair,— And eyes that look sweet as the dew-bright air,— As they eagerly gazed o'er the billow's swell, While they listed the chime of the convent-bell.

I have seen, and yet see them all beauty and bloom!
But mine eye wanders forth to their turf-built tomb:
The glossy locks scattered,—the love-lit eye,
Lying rayless and quenched as embers lie;
The earth-worm and shroud!—Can I see these, and smile
On ye who must pass from my best loved isle?

I cannot—the thought hath awakened this tear,—
But hark! the far voice of the waning Year
Grows deeper and wilder, more hollow and stern,
As it murmurs, by fits, in the sear, red fern;
There is fear in the sound, there is woe in the knell,
Its echoings whisper of death—Farewell!

A DUTCH POST-BOY.

THE sullenness of Dutch drivers is such, that it is with the utmost difficulty you can procure an answer to any question you may ask. This humour in the lower order of the Mynheers is truly characteristic. A Dutchman is always wrapt up in himself, whatever may happen to be his condition. He is smoking his pipe, and you disturb him; he is meditating upon his own business, and you interrupt him. It is true you hired his chaise, at a certain rate, to transport you from this place to that, which he will faithfully perform: there ends your contract. You did not hire him to be your gazetteer, or interpreter. Curiosity is sure to be baffled by such a fellow. He will either be deaf to the question, or surly if repeated; or ignorant touching the matter questioned; or unsatisfactory in his answer .- 'How many leagues, honest friend, do you count it to Gircum?' 'Ugh!' says Mynheer; 'How many did you say?' 'Ugh! ugh! ugh!' which is as much as to say, you might have inquired that before you set out. 'Shall we be there by dinner-time, think you?'- 'Ik verstaa u niet!' 'I don't know what you mean.'- 'What fine castle is that?'- 'I gaat my niet aan!'—that's no bread and butter of mine, says the Dutchman;—you may make use of your eyes, and welcome, thinks he; but Satan may be your decipherer for me.

He takes upon himself the whole command, and is to all appearance no less the master than the driver. No man, he thinks, has any right to interrupt or direct him in his business, which he knows and will execute upon the mere principle of duty. He sits in the front of the carriage, under the awning, and consequently interrupts your prospect. He lights his pipe, and fumigates you at pleasure, without ever inquiring whether such incense be grateful to you, especially before breakfast;—if you like it, so much the better; if you dislike it, you will not have a whiff the less. His perfect serenity and total disregard of his company is such, that you would almost be induced to think his business was to recreate himself rather than to serve you. When he is tired of sitting, he stops the horses and dismounts; walks them leisurely, and marches by their side. When he has stretched his legs, he stops them again, remounts, and reas-He has his regular houses of call; at each of which he is presented with a dram, and a fresh pipe, ready charged with tobacco. He takes the glass from the attendant; drinks one-half of its contents, and returns it. He next takes the pipe in one hand, and the fire-pan in the other. He is sure to have his pipe well lighted. He then swallows the remainder of his liquor.

Between whiles, he takes from his pocket a parcel, neatly wrapped up. He begins to unfold it. You perceive several clean paper wrappers, and begin to wonder what they are; they are so distinct as not to interfere with each other. In one there is bread, in another cheese, and in another ham, or hung beef, or it may be a pickled herring; and lastly, (in a small pot or saucer) is butter. He spreads his butter upon his bread, lays his strata of hung beef and cheese, and claps on it its farinaceous cover; these he eats with great composure, driving his horses accordingly. His meal finished, he thinks a little walk would not be amiss, so dismounts as before, by way

of aiding digestion.

An English coachman, post-boy, or waterman, generally expects some

grace from the passengers, over and above his fare, neither is it an easy matter to content him on that score. A Dutchman has no such expectation. Is it his modesty, think you, that prevents his asking? No. What then? Perhaps he has been taught that it is unmanly to beg, and that the stated price of his labour is sufficient to support his rank. I believe there is something in that. If it comes without begging, says he, well and good, I shan't refuse it; but I have no title to ask.

After all, it may arise from a consciousness that he has not deserved anything. His sorry behaviour to his passengers, in my opinion, indicates

no less.

THE HOUR OF PHANTASY.

BY THE LATE ISMAEL FITZADAM.

There is an hour when all our past pursuits,
The dreams and passions of our early day,—
The unripe blessedness that dropped away
From our young tree of life,—like blasted fruits,
All rush upon the soul: some beauteous form
Of one we loved and lost; or dying tone,
Haunting the heart with music that has flown,
Still lingers near us, with an awful charm!
I love that hour,—for it is deeply fraught
With images of things no more to be;—
Visions of hope, and pleasure madly sought,
And sweeter dreams of love and purity;—
The poesy of heart, that smiled in pain
And all my boyhood worshipped—but vain!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

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On when the lips we loved are cold, and fixed in silent death,
The tender tale that once they told parts not with parting breath;
A word—a tone survives its hour—an angel's passing strain,
Once heard when dreams from heaven had power, and never heard again!

II.

From eyes that death hath closed, a gleam thrills softly o'er the heart!
That joins with life its blessed beam, 'till life itself depart!
Then from its last exhaling fires it purely parts above,
And with the mounting soul aspires to light it up to love!

ON VISITING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

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How shall I sleep the sleep of death? Where shall I wait the promised morn, When I have gasped my latest breath-When I life's final pang have borne? Shall I amid the sons of song Repose, or with the vulgar throng? It matters not :- You marble cold Which Shakspeare's earthly semblance wears, As well the homage can behold, Or kindle at the envied tears By living genius duly shed Above the minstrel's narrow bed ;-As can the slumbering dust below.-No sculptor's art, no poet's fire, May consciousness again bestow,-May rapture's thrill again inspire :-'Tombed in a desert, as serene, As sweet, as blest,—his sleep had been! Why then repine, though Fate to me The fancied privilege deny, Within this splendid sanctuary With loftier bards in death to lie? I cannot tell-but oh! I pant, To be such mansion's habitant!

Give me the hope, -my soaring soul Invention's heaven of heavens shall scale :-Though fraught with woe my years should roll, Though worn with care, with watchings pale; Poor, friendless, wretched—Oh! such lot Were bliss !—I would not be forgot.

I know it vain—I feel it dear— This passion for sepulchral fame: Twas God infused the instinct here, That God who lit the quenchless flame Which marks me for a child of song-It may be wild—it is not wrong. Father of Spirits! -- Man to man Is mystery all,—but not to Thee:— Each hidden fitness Thou canst scan, All in Thy sight is symmetry: This bootless craving—weakness, pain— Nought is assigned its place in vain!

If but the destined end it reach, Thou wilt be honoured,—he be blest :-Through life,—in death,—submission teach, And wheresoe'er this form may rest, Receive my spirit to thy heaven, Its blindness purged,—its guilt forgiven : T. G.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

A SKETCH OF IRISH MANNERS.

ABOUT thirty miles to the west of Cork is a beautiful and romantic glen, called the Leap, which, in the history of the county, has long been of great importance, and still marks the boundary between the savage and the civilized; for the old adage even yet retains its full force, of 'beyond the Leap, beyond the law.' For the space of two miles along the valley, one side of the road is shadowed by a thick forest of oak, forming a strange but pleasing contrast to the high and barren hills which rise upon the other; and after passing the bridge, situated at the extremity of the dell, the travelleris instantly struck with the wildness of the scenery, which encreases at every step. But, wild as it appears, it still has its peculiar charms; and though, over a plain of miles in extent, little is to be seen but bogs and morasses. yet it is so interspersed with innumerable lakes, some of them highly picturesque, that, to the eye of a poet, or a painter, the prospect must be one of interest, if not of beauty; and the political economist only would exclaim, 'All is barren!' To the traveller, its charm is heightened by the change from the gloom of the dark forest to the level plain; whilst a few broken relics of some old castles, over many parts of which the plough has passed, and weeds have grown, serve as a relief to the sameness of the view, and afford subjects for meditation as he travels on his bleak and barren journey. In the distance he beholds the high hills rising above the valley in rude magnificence; with here and there a little cultivated spot, on which its smoke only enables him to distinguish the clay-built cottage from the rocks around it. Miles beyond them he perceives Hungary mountain towering above the rest, and seeming to look with equal scorn upon the hills and the valleys beneath, proud only of its barrenness; for its whole extent does not afford pasture for a flock of sheep; whilst man, the Lord of the Creation, shuns it equally with the beings of the lower world. Its summit is crowned by an unfathomable lake, with which the peasantry have long associated tales of superstitious wonder, many of them having seen its only inhabitant, an enormous serpent, stretch forth its head, until they have lost sight of it in the clouds!

A road to the left, towards the sea coast, leads to the village of Glandore, but it is little better than a footpath, totally impassable to carriages of every description, and dangerous even to horses. The road, however, is not altogether cheerless; for, on one side, is Brade, and the beautiful demesne of Lord Kingston; and, on the other, the old mansion and rookery of Castle Jane, gives a pleasing and romantic cast to the landscape, whilst the river is seen, at intervals, between the thick wood that slopes from the road to the shore. At the distance of nearly a mile from it, is situated the village, in a valley, surrounded on every side by lofty hills, consisting of a number of straggling cottages built along the strand, with the potato-garden behind each, and fronted by the dunghill, formed as a sort of wall on either side the door. It was evening when I first approached it; an evening in autumn, and the sun was setting in all its splendour. It was the vigil of the Sabbath-day, and the villagers were assembling to pass it in their customary amusement, and, at least, harmlessly, to welcome the approach of the day of rest. At the entrance of the village I had to len,

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encounter the inquisitive gaze of many a country lass, sitting at her cabin door, braiding her tresses, and arranging her rustic finery, in preparation for the evening dance. A countryman, who, if he was not going my way, made it his, addressed me with 'It's a fine evening, your honour, God bless it!' This blessing is the general accompaniment of the Irish to every thing they admire. I have frequently heard it bestowed on things animate and inanimate—and 'that's a fine cow, God bless it!' or, 'it's a beautiful tree, God bless it!' are constant and favourite expressions. My companion, for he became one, was an old and weather-beaten sailor, who had visited one half the globe, and knew something of the other : he seemed not a little vain of his superiority over his fellow-villagers, and it was with some difficulty I prevailed on him to forget the Esquimaux and the Hottentots, and to leave St. Lawrence and the Table mountain, for the Glandore hill and river. At length, in his own dialect, half seaman, and half rustic, he commenced his account of the neighbouring villas and their inhabitants, and continued to point out to me the most attractive scenes as we walked along. 'Do you see that house upon the hill yonder? that's Mr. R.'s. Oh! he's a hard man to the poor, that; 'tis a bad life that his tenants have of it; I'd as live be a slave in an Algee rover, and I was once, and by the same token I'll remember it to my death: we fought hard, but they shot away our jib-boom, and so took us. And that little island that runs away from the shore, like the deserters at Madeira,—that's Mr. M.'s; that is, it isn't now, for he's dead. Och! it's he was the good man in his time, any how. No cratur ever passed his door without the bit and the sup, barring the exciseman, the blagard that tuck his potteen, and kill't his illegant little bit of a mare: Oh wisha! every thing's bad luck to him for that same. Look at that ould castle upon the grey rock; that's Mr. O.'s. Him as made a will, and made his dead uncle put his name on it, by holding the corpse's hand, and then he swore he'd life in him; and so he had, faith! for he put a live worm in the dead man's mouth. And that house in the glen yonder, that's the clargyman's, with sixteen Protestants in his rich parish; and not one more!' By this time we had reached the middle of the village; and my companion thinking it now necessary for me to give some account of myself, were it but in gratitude for his confidence and communications, questioned and cross-questioned me, though to no purpose. An Irish peasant is like a black-letter book, which though difficult to peruse, generally rewards the labour by opening sources of new and curious information, and is seldom closed with dissatisfaction. The very causes that have conspired to depress them, and still keep them but a half civilized race, have at the same time given them that quickness of intellect, and that penetrating shrewdness, by which they are so generally distinguished. Believing themselves, as they certainly do, mastered by strangers in their own land, they feel, or fancy themselves, called upon to act on the defensive, and to overbalance might by cunning. They are, therefore, frequently ungrateful, because unaccustomed to kindness, they often look on a favour as a bribe; or, at best, as the offering of self-interest and policy. After having borne patiently the examination of my companion, like a shrewd witness before a long-headed lawyer, who thinks before he opens his lips, and never replies until he has well conned his answer, I pointed towards one of the cottages, round the door of which a number of the peasantry were assembled, and asked him what was doing there. 'It's the potteen, your honour; may be your honour would like to see the

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gossoons dancing; and sure now there'll be many a nate girl and boy tripping it there, when blind Jerry, the piper, that's on the hill yonder, is to the fore.' We advanced towards the house, over the door of which was a large sign, with a grim figure of Saint Patrick, mitred and clad in his robes, bearing a cross in one hand, and a book in the other; before him were toads and serpents in abundance, creeping out of the way of his curse; while one or two, more courageous than the rest, had ventured to turn round and hiss at the holy man who was thus dispossessing them of their territory. We entered the cabin, and the attention of the company was divided between the strange gentleman, and Jerry, the blind piper, who arrived at the same moment, the squeaking sound of whose music, as he filled the bellows of his pipes, immediately set the party in motion. 'Arrah, Jerry,' said one, 'what kept you now? and here's Nelly Vaughan's toes cramped wid waiting for you.'- And the stuff you like to taste growing could,' said another. 'Well, he's here now,' exclaimed several; 'and girls, if ye have no corns, dance away! and see which'll be tired first, honies, your legs or Jerry's music.' A stranger never requires an introduction, and is always sure of a welcome. A seat was handed to me, and I accepted the invitation. 'Will your honour be pleased to sit down? it's little the likes of us has to give your honour, but the quality likes the mountain-dew, as they call it; and here it is, nate and beautiful, sure enough!' Some whiskey-punch accompanied the recommendation, in a sort of mutilated tumbler, tied round the top, which a large crack made necessary, by a piece of tarred string: 'It isn't the best glass, but it's the largest, sir,' said the man who presented it to me, and added, with a wink and a smile. 'your honour isn't an officer?' thus sufficiently intimating that my liquor had paid no duty to the king. I had now leisure to make my remarks on the group around me; they were principally gazing on the four dancers, and, by a 'well done, Paddy!' or, an 'illegantly danced, Judy!' applauding the endeavours of the young peasants, who certainly footed it with all their hearts. Among the lookers-on, the old people, of whom there were but few present, only had seats; the rest were either standing, or sitting cross-legged around the ring. The room was crowded, and I never saw an apparently more happy group; for there was not a single countenance among them that bore any traces of care. The evening was like one of those green spots on their barren mountains; and if they did not at times enjoy such, the lot of the Irish peasants would be indeed one of wretchedness and misery. I had scarcely finished my beverage, when a smart young damsel advanced towards me, and dropped her curtesy; though, as I did not wish to shew the non-education of my toes, I pretended not to understand her, when a matron, who sat beside me, undertook the office of interpreter, saying, 'She wants to dance wid your honour.' In common politeness, as I had been drinking with the men, I could not avoid dancing with the women; so I arose, and hopped, and hobbled through an Irish jig. My buxom partner far outshone me in agility; and when she withdrew another came forward, and another, and another, who seemed determined to tire me; but I was determined not to be tired. At length there was an universal cry of 'Fadda!' (fie for shame!) 'lave the gentleman sit,' and I was left leaping alone. But to shew that I was not wearied, I made my rustic scrape and bow to a pretty and interesting girl who was seated in a corner; 'I don't dance, O wisha! I could not; God knows, sir, I could not,' was her reply to my invitation.

Och, Mary! hurra!' echoed several of the party, two of whom advanced and forced her from her seat, when I discovered the reason of her bashful tardiness was, that the feet of my chosen one were naked; so, with a natural gallantry, I threw off my own shoes, and we footed it together

gaily on the earthen floor.

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We were thus engaged, when an old man burst into the room, exclaiming, 'The old ferry-boat is gone down, and they're all lost!' The music instantly ceased, and the whole party hurried towards the shore; where we found that the boat had indeed gone down, but that the passengers were not all lost. On the beach men and women were running, and asking of all they met who were drowned; each fearing to hear of a husband, or brother, among the victims; while the joy of those who clasped their fainting and dripping relatives, was scarcely less agonizing than the fearful anxiety of others who as yet knew not the fate of their own friends. soon saw my former companion, and his wet clothes witnessed for him that he had not been idle; three times had he plunged into the waves, and as often returned, bearing a fellow-creature from the waters. Others had exerted themselves with equal success; and one only of the hapless party was brought lifeless to the land. A few drops issued from a wound on the young man's forehead, and he must have received a fatal blow when the boat struck. Sadly and slowly the party returned to the house, where, but a few minutes before, they had been gay and happy, following mournfully the body of him who had been thus cut off in the April of his days. It was dark, but I heard deep sobs from the midst of the crowd; and I knew that he was not the only being to be wept for. The corpse was laid on the table in the room where the dance had so lately been; and there were two female figures standing beside it, the mother and sister of the dead youth. The young girl was moaning and weeping bitterly, while the crowd stood sorrowfully by. One of them tried to soothe her with 'Mary, Mary, dear! 'tis God's will!' She turned towards the man who had spoken, and pointed to the body; and then, with the action of phrenzy, she shook the pale corpse, shrieking, 'Tom! Tom, dear! why won't ye wake? oh! wake! wake!' and she fell senseless on the floor. It was the very barefooted partner with whom; but a little while before, I had been dancing. The noise roused the mother, who had stood beside the corpse, wiping off the chill damp, and the drops of blood that still oozed from the forehead, with a sorrow too deep for tears. 'I tell ye, Mary, he's dead!' she murmured, 'and will never wake again!' and she bent lifelessly over the body, while her hand was laid on his pale brow; and she muttered, as if unconscious of the presence of any one save her dead child, 'You were a good son, agra! how like his father he is now, when I see him last, before they put him in his could grave: -What'll Mary do when I'm gone? God be with her, and him that's dead, him that's a corpse before me, and I not by with a blessing for him!' Most of the villagers had left the scene of sorrow; and as I saw those who remained were all the young man's relatives and friends, I departed also, with an aching heart, to reflect on the melancholy close of this evening of gaiety and joy; and once more to bear testimony to the truism that pleasure and happiness are, too often, but

But not with evident lays of love, nor by a gallant sword.

[&]quot;The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"

WOULD I HAD WIST.

A DITTY.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

"Beware of would I had wist!"

ANATOMIE OF MELANCHOLY

All ye that list to learned clerks be warned by what I say,
And take a look before you leap, for 'tis the wisest way;
And, for your better teaching, these stories I narrate,
To shew you, when a deed is done, repentance comes too late.
I saw two youthful gallants go forth one May-day morn,
With hound in leash, and hawk on hand, and gold-tipped bugle-horn;
But, ere the setting of the sun, they met in mortal fray,
And one lay cold upon the ground, the other fled away;
He hasted to another land to shun the kinsmen's ire,
And sadly wandered up and down, a knight without a squire;
No hound had he beside him, and no hawk sate on his wrist,
But, ever and anon, he cried, 'Alack! had I but wist!'

There was a merchant of the main had thirty ships and three.

And all came sailing into port well laden as could be;

And he had silks, perfumes, and pearls, and wealth a golden store,

Beyond the wealth of merchantmen, and yet he wanted more;

He sent his vessels out again, his thirty ships and three,

But some were ta'en, and some were wrecked, and some sunk in the sea:

He lost his wealth, he lost his wits, and he sung evermore,

And aye his song was, night and day, 'would I had wist before!'

My father knew a gentleman, with lands and golden fee,
Who freely gave unto the poor, and kept brave company;
He gave to all, he lent to all, but ere long time was gone,
His lands were sold, his gold was spent, and friends he had not one:
He asked from those who asked from him—it was his only hope—
They jeered him, and a penny gave, and bade him buy a rope;
He flung the penny back again, and turning from the door,
'I've learnt a lesson here,' he cried, 'would I had wist before!'

There was a lovely lady sate within a sweet bower's shade,
To catch the welcome tones of her young knight's serenade;
He came not to her father's hall with a hundred 'squires in train,
He only brought a faithful heart, and a name without a stain;
For though he came of noble race his fortune had decayed,
So he wooed her by his gallant deeds and evening serenade:
But ill chance happed, one luckless eve, from idle words grew strife,
And hopes that never failed before, were therefrom marred for life;
Just then an old lord riding by, looked on the wrathful pair,
And saw how bright the lady's eye, how rich her golden hair,—
Ere long he wooed her for his bride, that old and churlish lord,
But not with evening lays of love, nor by a gallant sword.

His lands, his wealth, his noble halls, and liveried serving train. Had charm beyond a young heart's love that ne'er had known a wane. But soon, and as she silent sate within her halls of pride, Loathing the pomp, and splendid train that thronged on every side, There knelt to her a weeping page, and these few words he spoke. 'Lady, come see my dying lord, for his heart is well nigh broke.' She went to an old decaying hall, and entering there she found, A dead knight on a sable bier, with mourners standing round; She gazed on his pale cheek and wept, and his clay-cold lips she kissed, Saying, 'How true his worthy heart, ah me! had I but wist!'

THE FORSAKEN HARP.

AIR.—Beethoven.

From a willow suspended Yet not always dejected A Minstrel's harp hung; And lorn had he roved; All its music was ended; Not always neglected, The youth wont to sound it, But the few who had proved him (How sweetly!) had fled; Were far o'er the wave; And the flowers that still crowned it And the one who best loved him

With no star-beam to brighten His pathway of pain, Nor one kind ray to lighten

te well and the grant of Kollulan areas all and

It chords were unstrung; — Unknown, or unloved; — Were faded and dead! Was laid in her grave!

His fond hopes were thwarted For this in his sadness Who best knew its tone; The Lyre he foreswore, And among the cold-hearted And the bright beam of gladness He wandered alone; Fell on him no more. Now sweet vigils he keepeth, Where grief cannot come; And beneath the sod sleepeth Griefs—cherished in vain! The sleep of the tomb! nov. . Ore new mothing of Daifeur's admirable sintches, nor the poury of

PROVINCIAL POETS.

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But mon, and as she silont eaterwithin her hells of pride,
Loubing the pomp. ILLANKART TRABOR .I. ON yed on every side,
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Ne sutor ultra crepidam, is now the almost unanimous apostrophe of the public, on the appearance of any new book whose principal recommendations to its patronage are founded on the disadvantages under which it has been produced. There is so much admirable writing, in prose and verse, in these prolific days, that readers will no longer allow the untoward circumstances under which a volume may have been composed, to propitiate their favour for the author. It must possess intrinsic merits or it will stand but little chance of success: for the times are past when circumstances purely adventitious might have been the means of ushering it into notice. A few years ago, the case was widely different; and a rhyming tinker or cobler, was regarded as a prodigy; and flattered, caressed and pampered to a most extravagant degree. We would not be understood to allude, for one moment, to poor Bloomfield, whose claim to public patronage was founded on real genius, and who, as far as we are aware, never received more encouragement that he was fairly entitled to as an author; but the remark will be found to apply to many others who preceded, or were contemporary with him; although to enumerate them, as they have at length returned to their original obscurity, would be a task at once unkind and invidious. Modern readers will not consent to hazard the loss of their time in perusing a book merely because they are told (what is reasonable enough), that it is a very extraordinary production, considering the limited education and habits of life of the author. If its merits are below a certain standard, no palliative that may be urged in its favour, will avail it in securing for it the indulgence it may require. The age of learned pigs is well-nigh over; and if a new volume of poems now makes its appearance, the question is not did the author compose it over his anvil or his lapstone; but does it contain any thing calculated to repay the idler for the trouble of its perusal?

The success of Clare (many of whose conceptions would do honour to a poet of any sphere in society), has lately led many persons in humble life to prefer their claims to the popularity which he appears to have attained with so much ease; and hence a series of poems, by weavers, croppers, coblers, tinkers, soldiers, ploughmen, and even washerwomen, with all, and more than all the assumption, and not one tithe of the talent of their rustic prototype. Among the works which have successively presented themselves to our notice during the last two or three years, there are, however, a few, (we say nothing of Balfour's admirable sketches, nor the poetry of J. F. Pennie, because, although persons in humble life, their evident superiority of education and taste, raise them far above other writers of the same grade in society), to whom our remarks are not intended to apply without very considerable qualifications; nay to the one whom we are now about to introduce to the acquaintance of our readers, we are by no means sure that

they will be found to apply at all.

Robert Frankin, the author of the 'Miller's Muse'* was, as we gain from the preface to his interesting little volume, a few years ago, a journeyman

^{*} The Miller's Muse, Rural Poems. By Robert Franklin, Hull, J. Wilson, 1825.

miller; but has of late been so far favoured by fortune, as to become (to employ his own homely, but expressive language), 'the possessor of the very place, which, when a boy, he was unwillingly compelled to leave in tears.' In short, he is now a master miller, at Ferriby Sluice, Lincolnshire. The 'solicitations of his friends,' who had seen and approved many little poems from his pen, printed in a respectable provincial newspaper, (the Hull Advertiser, we believe), whose proprietor, Mr. Wilson, has interested himself very kindly in his behalf, induced him, to undertake the present publication; and although he puts in his claim to indulgence on the score of his 'situation in life,' and of a 'limited education,' he stands in far less need of it than very many writers of verse of infinitely more lofty pretensions. There is something pleasing, and even touching in the following paragraph from his preface:

Should any objection be made to the title of the book, (several of the poems having been written during my state of servitude) I can assure the reader, if I may be thus allowed to express myself, that I have been a miller at heart all my life,—that my forefathers were millers for ages past,—and I was brought up at the post mill at Barrow, till the age of fourteen, where I acquired a knowledge of the business, which, perhaps, in more mature years, I might never have so effectually obtained; but having no father to protect me, and my grandmother, of course, leaning somewhat more to the inclinations of her own children than to those of her grandchild, I was obliged to leave the place, and went to live with the Rev. Edward Henry Hesleden, Vicar of

Those who do not rejoice with us that the worthy Robert Franklin has at length obtained the object of his fervent aspirations, can scarcely have their hearts in the right place. 'Every man to his taste,' says the proverb. Some poets look for their reward in the smiles of their dulcineas; others in the admiration of the world; whilst not a few are silly enough to trust to posterity for the liquidation of their claims; but our honest miller has acted with greater prudence; he has limited his hopes to more reasonable bounds, and has, consequently, not been disappointed. How many are there who might have saved themselves a host of heart-corroding vexations, had they been equally moderate in their expectations. But it is time to leave the miller for his muse.

The poems of which Franklin's little volume is composed, are for the most part devoted to subjects either of a 'rural' character, or connected with the domestic affections; and it is only when he attempts to soar into a loftier and more ethereal atmosphere, that he ceases to be, to a certain extent, successful. His style appears to have been founded, in no small degree, upon that of Goldsmith, as will be seen by the following simple but beautiful verses, forming a portion of the leading poem in the book:

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Dear native village, hail! the seat of mirth;
Joy of my youth, and witness of my birth;
Though long a stranger to thy peaceful charms,
Though long a wanderer from thy sheltering arms,
Though far from thee my wasting years decline,
Once more receive me, for I'm truly thine;
Once more thy rural beauties let me see,
And with a lover's fondness gaze on thee.
For oh! how welcome every scene appears,
That charmed the childish mind in earliest years.
You straggling elms that skirt the rising hill,
The scattered hamlets, and the aged mill;

The church—the bells, by distance sweeter made. The spreading hawthorn, and the vernal shade; All, all, have charms, and each alike conveys The calm delight that crowned my early days. Here lie the grounds on which we used to play; Here passed our sports of innocence away. There stands the oak beside the little pool. So often visited when leaving school, Where jokes and frolics filled each heart with glee, Whilst numbers cut and carved the aged tree. Here, too, a cheerful group were yearly found, When each with straw and sticks, in bundles round, Fed the bright flame beneath November's sky, And burnt the effigy of traitor Guy. Where are my playmates now? ah! whither fled? Some few are here-some distant, and some dead. 'Tis thus in life we find our friendships end, And death divides the relative and friend. Yes, those are gone! remembered when away, Whom I had wished to meet some future day; And fondly hoped to shake, ere life's decline, The friendly hands of those who once shook mine. But 'tis in vain; the heart can only mourn Or sigh for hours that never may return. Companions of my yonth, who still remain, Who shared with me the joys of childhood's reign, And eager chased, beneath the summer sky, The murmuring bee, and harmless butterfly; Who witnessed every game and pastime too, I dedicate my humble lines to you; And name those objects that could once impart Mirth, joy, and wonder to my childish heart; The rainbow in its varying colours drest, When the dark thunder-storm had howled to rest; The big white clouds, in fancy packs of snow; The setting sun that sought the vale below; The bush, the hedge, where, with inglorious care, We robbed, ah! basely robbed the feathered pair; The well-known pasture, and the meadow gay, And many a gambol on the new made hay; The neighboring fields, o'er which induced to roam, We ran to hail the joyful Harvest Home; Delighted joined the cheerful, shouting band, When the last load moved slowly o'er the land; Placed on its top, with green boughs circled round, We hailed the village with redoubled sound; When poor old Edward shook the orchards bough, A prize for all the scrambling race below. The thought of these, and many a faded scene, Recals to mind the joys that once had been; All speak a language, and inform the mind Of various pleasures, ever left behind.

The poetical reader will here trace some trifling imitations both of Rogers and Bloomfield; but not enough to detract from the praise due to the author. On such subjects persons of feeling and refinement must write in a great measure alike. There is only a certain number of chords in the human heart, and therefore is it that it is difficult to evince any marked originality in treating on subjects connected with the domestic affections. Of a different but not less pleasing character is the following little poem. We have, however, omitted one stanza, the blemishes of which would spoil the effect of the remaining three.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

Welcome, welcome, feathered stranger!
Now the sun bids nature smile;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle:
Still twitter on my lowly roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time that ever fleets away!

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear,
Even transient storms thy joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year;
What makes thee seek a milder clime?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale?
How knowest thou thy departing time?
Hail! wonderous bird! hail, Swallow, hail!

Sure something more to thee is given,
Than myriads of the feathered race;
Some gift divine, some spark from heaven,
That guides thy flight from place to place!
Still freely come, still freely go,
And blessings crown thy vigorous wing;
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
Delightful Messenger of Spring!

The Visit from Bridlington to Flamboro' Head, is spirited and graphic, but too long for quotation. The Stanzas on the four seasons are also, on the whole, highly meritorious. For Waterloo, The Blessings of Peace, Napoleon, and The Convict, we can say but little. Murderer too is somewhat bombastic; but we must not forget to notice with due approbation The Poacher, (which is really a poem that even Crabbe himself might have written), and 'The Sabbath Morn.' We would fain present our readers with another specimen or two of the 'Miller's Muse,' but that our limits will not admit of our doing so, consistently with our plan of presenting our readers with as great a variety of subjects as possible. We cannot, however, take leave of Robert Franklin, without expressing a hope that his little book may bring 'grist' to his pocket, if not to his mill; that his 'sails' may never want a favouring breeze to fill them; that those pursuits from which he expects to derive advantage, may never (as a mill-swift has been sometimes known to occasion the destruction of the miller) operate to his prejudice; but that he may go on grinding poetry and corn, until he has gained as much pelf and fame' as are necessary to form the 'summum bonum' of his very humble expectations.

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THE OMEN. *

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WE scarcely know in what terms to characterise this extraordinary little volume; for, whilst it displays considerable talent, both as to the arrange. ment of its story, and the manner in which that story is developed, the principal incidents are of a very repulsive description, and such as a writer of good taste and good feeling, ought on no account to have selected, There are crimes of the mere existence of which it is painful to be reminded; and those on which the narrative before us principally hinges, are precisely of this description. We agree with the learned and eloquent Sir Thomas Browne, that 'there are some sins on which it is sinful to dilate. We desire no records of such enormities. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villainy; for, as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that may make latter ages worse than were the former; for the vicious examples of ages past, poisons the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those into the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature, silence commendeth history. Our readers will understand the applicability of these sentiments to the Omen, as soon as we shall have made them acquainted with the leading features of its story. In the first chapter of the work the narrator presents us with the following account of his reminiscences of childhood:

* * * Even my childhood was joyless, and a mystery overshadows all my earliest recollections. Sometimes, on the revisitations of the past, strange and obscure apparitional resemblances leave me in doubt whether they are, indeed, the memory of things which have been, or but of the stuff that dreams are made of.

'The vision of a splendid mansion and many servants, makes me feel that I am, as it were, still but a child, playing with an orange on the carpet of a gorgeous room. A wild cry and a dreadful sound frighten me again; and as I am snatched up and borne away, I see a gentleman lying bleeding on the steps of a spacious staircase, and a beautiful lady distractedly wringing her hands.

While yet struggling in the strangling grasps of that fearful night-mare, a change comes upon the spirit of my dream, and a rapid procession of houses and trees, and many a green and goodly object passes the window of a carriage in which I am seated,

beside an unknown female, who sheds tears, and often caresses me.

'We arrive at the curious portal of a turretted manorial edifice;—I feel myself lifted from beside my companion, and fondly pressed to the bosom of a venerable

matron, who is weeping in the dusky twilight of an ancient chamber, adorned with the portraits of warriors. A breach in my remembrance ensues; and then the same sad lady is seen reclining on a bed, feeble, pale, and wasted, while sorrowful damsels are whispering and walking softly around.

'She laid her withered hand upon my head, as I stood at her pillow: It felt like fire, and, shrinking from the touch, I pushed it away, but with awe and reverence; for she was blessing me in silence, with such kind and gentle eyes! My tears still flow afresh, whenever I think of those mild and mournful eyes, and of that withered

'I never beheld that sad lady again; but some time after, the female who brought me in the carriage led me by the hand into the room where I had seen her dying. It was then all changed; and on the bed lay the covered form of a mysterious thing, the sight of which filled my infantine spirit with solemnity and dread. The poor girl, as she looked on it, began to weep bitterly; I, too, wept, but I knew not wherefore; and I clung to her, overwhelmed with the phantasma of an unknown

'Things horrible and strange, Sink on the wax of a soft infant's memory.'

^{*} The Omen, Blackwood, Duodecimo, pp. 160.

These dim recollections continue to occupy the youth's mind for many years, when he at length discovers that his mother was an adultress; that his father had been murdered by her paramour; and that that paramour was a Mr. Oakdale, (a name of insufficient tragical dignity for the occasion) who had resided in a mysterious kind of way in the neighbourhood, near the scene of the narrator's early years of boyhood. The manner in which he becomes acquainted with all these things is sufficiently unaccountable. He goes to see Hamlet performed at Drury-lane Theatre; notices the emotion of Mr. Oakdale in a neighbouring box, and on this very slender foundation makes up his mind, that his mother is an adulteress; that his father has been murdered; and that his 'sallow sublime sort of Werter-faced' friend Mr. O. was the assassin. We should have premised that this presentiment-monger was sent to Oxford, with a very handsome provision, but without knowing from whom he derived it, and that it was on one of his visits to the metropolis, that he discovered the key to his otherwise indistinct recollections. The mechanism of this part of the tale strikes us as being egregiously absurd. To get rid of his unpleasant remembrances, our hero goes abroad, and meets at Hamburgh with a General and Mrs. Purcel, and their daughter. With the younger lady he, of course, falls deeply in love; and her personal attractions are accordingly detailed with a degree of warmth, which the denouement renders extremely disgusting. As the young lover is heir to a very handsome property, the General has no objection to his being received as a lover by his daughter. The mother, disapproves strongly of the connection. As, however, the otherwise favoured suitor supposes that her opposition arises from her being in love with him herself, he resolves, with the consent of the General, to marry his mistress privately. It so happens that his uncle dies a few days before the day fixed for his marriage. Heaccordingly decides upon killing two birds with one stone, namely, burying the old gentleman, and marrying the young lady at the same time. The denouement we shall quote in the author's own words.

'The funeral procession moved towards the abbey as the clock was striking seven:—the service was read, and the burial completed. The friends of my uncle, who had come to pay the last tribute of their regard, had retired, and General Purcel and myself also left the church; but instead of going back to the coach which had brought us, we walked into the cloisters.

'Sydenham was not at the funeral. Maria, with a young friend and her maid, were under his charge in a house in Abingdon-street; and as soon as the hearse and the remains of the pageantry had left the abbey, they entered the church by

Poet's Corner.

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Except the clergyman, and the servants of the cathedral, there were no spectators.—By some inexplicable influence, however, my valet, of his own accord, remained at the door to prevent interruption, and the ceremony proceeded; but, just at the moment when I was in the act of putting on the ring, he came rushing towards us with such an expression of consternation in his countenance, that I was startled and alarmed before he had power to tell his fear. In the same moment Maria screamed, for her mother entered the church, pale, dishevelled, and frantic, crying, 'I forbid the bans-brother and sister-brother and sister!' I heard no more: the vast edifice reeled, as it were, around me, and the pillars and monuments seemed as if they were tumbling upon my head; and then there is a hiatus in my remembrance, a chasm in my life.

When I had recovered from the shock, under which I had fallen senseless on the pavement, I found myself at home in my own chamber, and Sydenham stand-

ing mournfully at my bed-side.—I asked no questions, but pressed his hand.

The carriage, 'said he, 'is at the door, and I will go with you.'

but rose, for I had not been undressed, and followed him to the carriage.

Ten years have passed since that dreadful morning, and I have never opened my lips to inquire the issues of the event; but one day, about two years ago, in visiting the English cemetery at Lisbon, I saw on a marble slab, which the weather or accident had already partly defaced, the epitaph of Maria. The remainder of my own story is but a tissue of aimless and objectless wanderings and moody meditations, under the anguish of the inherited curse. But all will soon be over:—a tedious hectic, that has long been consuming me, reluctantly and slowly, hath at last, within these few days, so augmented its fires, that I am conscious, from a sentiment within, I cannot survive another month; I have, indeed, had my warning. Twice hath a sound like the voice of my sister startled my unrefreshing sleep: when it rouses me for the third time, then I shall awake to die.

Such is what some of the gentlemen of the daily and weekly press call a powerful production. The language is in general highly polished and elaborate, but sometimes not a little overstrained and bombastic. Indeed, we suspect, that the book owes its principal powers of attraction to the strangeness, and horribly tragic character of the incidents, as well as to the novel and somewhat affected style in which they are related. Why it is called the Omen we are at a loss to conceive. There is to be sure some mystification about omens and presentiments in various parts of the volume, but nothing definite. The authorship of this ebauche has been ascribed to no less than three persons, viz. Mr. Lockhart, Mr. St. Leger, the author of Gilbert Earle, and Dr. Macginn. The last is the likeliest guess. The first of these gentlemen would not have chosen such a subject; the second might, but would have treated it with more force and skill. One thing is certain, that the author of the Omen, be he who he may, is capable of better things.

STANZAS.—FROM THE ICELANDIC.

BY J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

o august a own words.

With many a warrior richly mailed Round far Sicilia I have sailed; Like a young eagle o'er the blue Abyss, my gallant vessel flew; Eager for fight, I thought the gales Would never cease to swell my sails: The spoil of voyages adorns me, Yet a Russian Maiden scorns me!

III however, my va

In youth near high Drontheim Fiord
I fought and flashed my maiden sword;
The former were as ten to two,
And wild the clash of bucklers grew.
Young as I was, I left their king
A crownless and unliving thing;
The spoil of thousand fights adorns me,
Yet a Russian Maiden scorns me!

III.

Once with but sixteen hands at sea,
A tempest lashed our ship a-lee;
The hull was filled, but this in brief,
We eased, struck sail, and cleared the reef:

Thenceforth from my commanding mind The brightest actions were divined; And now the pomp of power adorns me, Yet a Russian Maiden scorns me!

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In eight diversions I excel—
I tilt on horseback, none so well;
With matchless skill the harp I tune,
Row the swift boat, the whale harpoon,
Swim, skate, play chess, and from the yew,
Fling the hot shaft with aim most true;
Each brave accomplishment adorns me,
Yet a Russian Maiden scorns me!

V.

What maid or matron can deny
That when grey morning streaked the sky,
And all our bravest warriors spanned
Their hungry swords at Christiansand,
I left for song's triumphant page
No lasting records of my rage?
Now! glory's laurel-wreath adorns me,
Yet a Russian Maiden scorns me.

VI.

Though born on Nordland's hills, where men
But drive the wild deer through the glen,
Far from all human haunt, I plough,
The seas with my audacious prow,—
Even in the very jaws of doom
I mock the deadly mahelstroom;
The spoil of thousand shores adorn me,
And yet a Russian Maiden scorns me.

SONNET.

BY THE LATE ISMAEL FITZADAM.

They loved for years with growing tenderness;
They had but one pure prayer to waft above,
One heart,—one hope,—one dream,—and that was love!
They loved for years, through danger and distress,
Till they were parted, and his spotless fame
Became the mark of hate and obloquy;
'Till the remembering tear that dimmed her eye,
Was dried on blushes of repentant shame.
While he—oh God!—in 'raptured vision sweet,
Would walk alone beneath the evening star,
Watching the light she loved, and dream of her,
And of the hour when they again should meet.
They met at last,—but love's sweet vision fled,
For ever from his heart—for she was wed!

THE WRECKER.*

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A CORNISH LEGEND.

Towards the close of the 16th century, a horrid custom prevailed on the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to their destruction in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the top of the cliffs, in order that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, might be induced to shape his course towards it. This atrocious expedient was often successful. The devoted crew dreamed not of their danger until warned of it, too late, by the foaming breakers that burst upon them from the shore; and the vessel speedily became the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians, who, to secure themselves impunity in their plunder, often murdered those who escaped drowning, and then called their booty a 'God-send.'

In a small hovel, on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay on the coast of Cornwall, dwelt one of these wretches—an old and hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, the smuggler, and the wrecker, but the last was his favourite occupation; and such was the confidence of his companions in his experience in this capacity, that he was usually appointed their leader, and rarely failed in his office. His wife, too, encouraged him, and not unfrequently aided him in his iniquitous exploits. Disgusted with the wickedness of his parents, their only son left his home in early life, and sought to obtain an honourable subsistence as

the mate of a West Indian trader.

It was at a period when a long and profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture, ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of discovering the most distant indications of a tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid and most encouraging aspect. The soft and azure sky seemed to rest upon the transparent sea, and the slowly expanding waves swept with slow murmurings along the shining sands of the deep bay with a wild and monotonous plashing, that seemed to strike like the voice of a prophecy upon the ear. Not more hateful were the glorious beams of the orb of day to the fallen Lucifer, as described by our great poet, than was the quiescent state of nature to the dark mind of Terloggan. In his impatience he cursed the protracted season of tranquillity, and hailed the approaching period of storms as more congenial not only to the 'gloomy temper of his soul,' but to his interests. At length he saw, with a smile of savage satisfaction, the sun sink in angry red beneath the dim and cloudy horizon; heard with secret exultation the hollow murmuring of the winds, and beheld the blackening waves rising into fury, and lashing the lofty rocks with their ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and the long and loud blast of the contending elements rung out upon the ear like the death-knell of a departed soul. ' Now's thy time,' ejaculated the old hag, his wife, 'go thy ways out upon the cliffs, there's death in the wind.' Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay. The usual expedient was resorted to; and he soon observed a light at sea as if in

^{*} It may be proper to mention that this little sketch has already appeared in the columns of a provincial newspaper. It will, however, be as 'good as manuscript' to a large portion of our readers.—ED. Lit. Mag.

answer to his signal. His prey seemed already in his grasp. The light evidently approached nearer; and before an hour had elapsed, the white close-reefed sails of the vessel could be dimly discovered through the darkness, and the appalling cry of the seamen at the discovery of their danger distinctly heard. Signal-guns of distress were immediately fired, and the loud commands, all hands on deck, and about ship, were vociferated in wild despair. Every exertion was made to wear the vessel from the shore; but the redeeming moment was passed, the ship was completely embayed, and neither strength nor skill were of any avail in averting her impending fate. In a few minutes a tremendous crash, and a heartrending, but fruitless, cry for help, announced the horrid catastrophe; and the last flashing signal-gun revealed for a moment a scene too terrible to be described. The stranded vessel, hurled repeatedly against the jagged rocks of the bay, soon parted; the waves dashed over her shattered hull with relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; whilst the mingled shrieks of the drowning, blended with the roar of the conflicting elements, rose upon

the ear like the despairing cries of an army of dying Titans.

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There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—in whose ears such sounds were melody—and that being was Terloggan. He waited impatiently until the storm had somewhat abated, and when silence began to indicate that the work of death was well nigh over, he descended the well-known cliffs to dart upon his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle (for the moon had broken from the clouds by which she had before been concealed), he stood awhile gazing upon the scene of desolation around him as if at a loss where first to begin his work of rapine. But to his surprise and momentary dismay there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would interpose between him and his hard-earned booty, and who was even now loudly supplicating his assistance. To despatch this unhappy creature in his exhausted and helpless condition was a resolution no sooner formed than executed. Whilst he was appearing to aid his escape from the jaws of death, one stroke of his hanger laid him a livid and mutilated corse upon the sands before him. Terloggan then rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and laden with the most portable articles of plunder, retraced his footsteps to his hut. 'What luck?' exclaimed his fiend-like helpmate, as he crossed the threshhold of the door. 'Never better,' rejoined Terloggan, pointing to his booty. He then described the success of his hellish stratagem without even concealing the particulars of the murder; after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring which he had taken from the finger of the stranger. 'Give me the light, Meg,' said the hoary villain. The hag obeyed. But no sooner had he examined the ring than he recognised its form and certain marks upon it. His countenance changed, and with a groan of agony he quickly handed it to his wife. She knew too well from whose hand it must have been taken, and after glancing at it for a moment, yelled out with supernatural energy, 'Oh my son, my poor son!' and fell senseless at the feet of her husband. Terloggan endeavoured to master his feelings until the fact could be ascertained. He arose with the dawn, and hastened to the spot where he had left the murdered corse. It was indeed his son. The stroke of retribution had been complete. Overwhelmed by despair, and stung by remorse, to which his heart had ever before been impervious, he determined on self-destruction. A few days afterwards his

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mangled body was found among the rocks, and interred on the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. The chief incidents of his terrible story are still narrated in the neighbourhood which was the scene of its hero's manifold atrocities. His wretched wife perished a few weeks afterwards by the fall of her hut, occasioned by one of those dreadful storms which she and her savage helpmate had so frequently invoked.

CHIT-CHAT: LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

There seems to have been few new works published during the last month of any great interest. Of Sermons, Philosophy, Lexicography, Physiology, and several other ologies too tedious to enumerate, there have been quant. suf:

An accredited edition of Miss Sophia Lee's Canterbury Tales, is, we are told, on the eve of being published by her family. Lord Byron's obligations to her 'German's Tale,' in his Werner, have been pointed out in detail.

The Memoirs of Mr. Lindley Murray, the grammarian, who died a few weeks ago at his house at York, are, it is stated, about to be published by his family. The present generation is greatly indebted to this excellent and laborious man. His talents, if of an humble, were of an extremely useful order.

We are glad to learn that a third part of Cruikshank's Points of Humour is nearly ready for publication. We refer principally to the plates, not having been at the pains of perusing any of the letter-press.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie will shortly publish a Drama, in three acts, called the Martyr.

The Rev. A. S. Burgess is preparing for the press a volume, entitled Worthies of Christ's Hospital; or Memoirs of Eminent Blues.

Carl Maria Von Weber, the celebrated composer, and author of the Music to Der Frieschutz, has lately arrived in this country.

We are happy to hear that Baily's admirable statue of Eve at the Fountain, has been purchased by his fellow citizens of Bristol, just as he was on the eve of exporting it to the continent.

It appears from the Sierra Leone Gazette, recently received, that Captains Clapperton and Pearce, Messrs. Morrison and Dickson, have sailed in the Brazen for Benin and Biafra, where they are to be landed to prosecute their interesting inquiries.

The Literary Gazette brings an indirect charge of plagiarism against the writer of the article on Moss's Manual of Classical Bibliography, in a late number of the Monthly Review; the two critiques are probably the production of the same person, and if so, the coincidence of opinion is not so very remarkable.

Mr. Chandos Leigh has just printed a very pleasing volume of poetry. We cannot, however, go the whole length of the puff which the New Monthly has given of this book; neither do we admit with Mr. Campbell that the defect of Mr. Leigh's verses is over-fastidiousness. When poets happen to be afflicted with this disease, they generally abstain from publishing at all.

The New Monthly advises people, whose clothes catch fire, to roll themselves in the Hearth Rug! Surely, as Dangle has it, we 'have heard something like this before.'

Sir Egerton Brydges has written and published an answer to a Review of a work of his in the New Monthly two or three months ago.

Mr. Jennings has a poem in the press, entitled, Ornithologia, or the Birds; with copious notes.

The journeymen shoemakers of the metropolis have had a meeting to discuss the propriety of petitioning against the Corn Laws!

Dr. Halliday's 'Annals of the House of Brunswick,' is, it appears, to be published in a few weeks.

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